[illegible]ner.

HARRY L. BA[illegible]

TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XL[illegible] [illegible] 1908. NO. 36

JOHN BARRETT STRANGLED TO DEATH AND ROBBED IN P., S. & N. [illegible]

Local Thugs are Suspected of Doing the [illegible] time Tuesday Night

STARTLING EVIDENCE PRODUCED AT INQUEST

Drs. Chadwick and Ostrander Testify that Death was Produced by Strangulation.

POCKETBOOK AND MONEY STOLEN.

Body was Found Wednesday Morning, Face Downward in Cinders—Was Dead for Several Months—Is Tenderly [illegible] Identification—Suspects are Watched—Arrests Before Night Expected.

That John Barrett, who was found dead in the P., S. & N. yards yesterday morning, was murdered there is now no doubt. The testimony given by Dr. Chadwick and Dr. Ostrander removes all doubt about that question.

Two or three suspects are being watched by the authorities and the arrest of one or more of these persons will probably be made before night.

Yesterday morning at about 7:30 o'clock Andrew McCabe and Engineer O'Connor of the Kushequa Route found the body of a man on the south side of the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R. switch almost directly back of the old Pierce House, now owned by Philip Stravino. McCabe was walking up the tracks and O'Connor down and they found the body almost at the same time.

District Attorney G. B. Mayo and Sheriff Mitchell were notified at once and viewed the remains, together with Officer McCarthy, Constable Foote and a number of more or less interested spectators. The dead man was lying on his face, his right hand above his head and left cramped under his stomach, and in his fingers were grasped a small bit of grass, his face was partially buried in the cinders and his hat lay nearby.

The officers turned the body over on the back in order to see the face. His body when found was quite rigid indicating that he had been dead several hours. He proved to be a man of about 38 or 40 years of age, dark brown hair and a trifle bald at the temples, sandy mustache and about one day's growth of beard. His face and forehead bore several marks made by the pressure against the cinders and gravel, over his left eye was a small cut from which a little blood had oozed and was partially dried, his mouth was slightly open and some cinders were slightly pressed into his lips.

When found the body was lying opposite a car of lumber which was about in the middle of a long string of cars that had been on this switch since about 4 o'clock the previous afternoon. He was dressed in a gray pepper and salt coat, black vest, corduroy trousers, negligee shirt, heavy stockings, lightweight black lace shoes and black hat. In his pockets were found a blue and white handkerchief, a large jack-knife, a cheap watch and chain and a woodstock pipe. No money however was found on his person. On top of this car was found a package of smoking tobacco, a snuff box containing matches and a postoffice money order receipt for $1.86, issued from the Burrows, Pa., postoffice and dated July 6, 1908.

The finding of these articles on the car together with the position of the body indicates that he had been on the car and had fallen off, and that he never moved after he struck the ground. However it is strange that he should be so injured from a fall of not over nine feet that he would die without at least a struggle.

For a long time there was a great deal of speculation as to his identity. At first it was thought to have been the body of Frank Carpenter of Eldred township. Others thought it was a rig-builder by the name of Burns from Bradford and others thought it was various other people, but when E. T. Daly arrived on the scene he immediately identified him as "Jack" Barrett of Sergeant, a small town between Kane and Wilcox. Mr. Daly stated that he had seen and talked with him on Tuesday and that he told him he had a steady job over there; that he was married and had nine children, the oldest being but 16 years.

Mr. Daly stated that John Barrett had worked in the woods in this vicinity a number of years ago and was an honest, hardworking man who had a large number of friends. He had [illegible] living in this vicinity. [illegible] Lamb of this place and [illegible] who lives in this vicinity. It is said that he formerly lived in [illegible].

Coroner Sherman, upon being notified, gave instructions that the undertaker take charge of the body until his arrival. The coroner reached here on the one o'clock train and in company with other officials viewed the remains. After a brief examination it was decided that an autopsy should first be held and if the conditions warranted an inquest would be held later. The coroner returned home on the next train.

The writer, in conversation with Elmer Lamb, a brother in law of the dead man, yesterday afternoon learned that John Barrett came here on Sunday from his home in Sergeant and on Monday they went out in the woods to gather genseng and after they returned home Mr. Lamb purchased Barrett's share of the day's digging and about a pound and a half of the dried roots which he had brought with him, paying him ten dollars in a check on the Grange Bank.

Tuesday afternoon Barrett got the check cashed and spent the balance of the afternoon about town. He visited several old acquaintances and bought drinks in two or three places. The last seen of him so far as can be learned was on Main street about 7:30 that evening, when to all appearances he was sober and perfectly able to take care of himself.

Constable Foote informed the writer that he had made inquiries at every business place in town where it was probable that he could have spent any money and he could only learn where he had spent a little over two dollars, notwithstanding the fact that not a cent was found on his person, and the pocketbook which Mr. Lamb says he had when he left his place is also missing.

Late last evening Dr. Burg Chadwick and Dr. W. A. Ostrander performed an autopsy on the body and found all his vital organs to be in perfect condition. A few more slight bruises were found on the body but nothing was given out to the public that threw any light on what caused his death, making it more of a mystery than before.

Coroner Sherman came over on this morning's train and after talking with District Attorney Mayo decided to hold an inquest. The following jury was impannelled: Geo. W. Mitchell, foreman, S. R. Lindsley, E. E. Heath, B. T. Garlick, C. W. Freeman and H. E. Tull. They viewed the remains at Sasse's undertaking rooms and retired to the council rooms in the hose house where the investigation was continued. District Attorney Mayo examined several witnesses whose testimony substantially tallies with the story as told in the foregoing paragraphs.

However, a real surprise was sprung when Dr. Chadwick gave his testimony as to the findings of the autopsy. He positively stated that death was caused by strangulation and that strangulation was produced by a strong pressure on the man's neck. He found that the throat showed several discolored spots, the tongue was protruded and swollen and broken tissues in the lungs, all of which proved that his wind had been shut off at the throat. The doctor was very positive that this, and this only produced death.

Dr. Ostrander's testimony thoroughly corroborated that given by his fellow-practitioner and left no doubt in the minds of the spectators about there being foul play.

A recess was taken until 1:30 this afternoon, and business resumed at the appointed time. Several witnesses were examined relative to the actions of the deceased on the afternoon and evening previous to his death and the Coroner's jury retired to deliberate. As there can be only one verdict—"that the deceased came to his death at the hands of some person or persons unknown"—we do not wait for its finding.

Prepare Yourself.

The demand for well trained men and women was never greater than it is today. For those who are well equipped, positions are waiting. The Clarion Normal offers unusual advantages at a very low cost. Write to the principal, J. George Becht, Clarion, Pa., for catalog and information.

Fall Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

16tf MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

Subscribe for the MINER.

[illegible] as the greatest [illegible] war has produced, [illegible] the best fortified [illegible] which he made [illegible] to exercise military [illegible] was followed by the remnants of his veteran army, the strength, [illegible] of the Confederacy. Very likely in the center of that army rode the dejected, haggard, trembling, arch traitor, Jeff Davis.

Out of Richmond they rushed, and made their way toward Danville hoping to form a connection at that point with Johnson who commands the remainder of the rebel army. Up to the time of writing this we know not whether that connection has been made, and it matters but little, whether made or not. If made, the end of the rebellion is not far distant, for Grant with his victorious legions will close around him on the east, north and west, while Sherman, with his heroes, will complete the cordon on the south. Then without striking a blow, the braves of the Republic can dictate terms of capitulation to the starving rebels.

If Lee fails to make his connections with Johnson, it will be because of Sherman and his gallant army, who were far down towards the junction of the Danville and Southside Railroads when Lee made his exit from Richmond. It is not likely Lee's path was strewn with flowers, but we hear it was strewn with war accoutrements of every description after he passed over it. His panic stricken men who were fleeing for dear life divested themselves of every article of a cumbrous nature, including in many instances, their muskets and cartridge boxes. If Sheridan succeeded in intercepting Lee's flight we are confident the latter's already whipped, demoralized battalions were captured or scattered like chaff before the wind. With that result the rebellion is at an end, and let us all thank God for the result.

Hd. Qrs. 150th P. V.

Feb. 10th 1865.

As the men have no means to write at present, I send this hasty communication to relieve the minds of friends at home.

The papers will have informed you long before this reaches McKean, of the fighting on the 6th and 7th inst. Our regiment was engaged both days. The first day of the fight we drove, while deployed as skirmishers, a strong line of battle a full half mile, pell mell. In the first action our regiment went in with 55 men and lost 1 killed and 4 wounded; in the second action 1 killed. Capt. Beckwith's company (G) went in with 9 men, 3 of whom were wounded, viz: Sergt. E. D. Taggart, ankle, Corp. T. Yardley, breast, John Latch, shoulder. Corp. John Swink (sharp shooter) was slightly wounded.

C. Cornforth.

We are indebted to Mrs. Cowles for late news from the 211th Regiment. From a letter received from her husband, Capt. Warren Cowles, we learn that in one of the late fights before Petersburg, Sergt. H. D. Hicks of Bradford township, was killed instantly, his head being crushed by a sh ll. Sergt. Hicks was one of the best men this county ever sent into the service. He was a patriotic, estimable man and citizen and a devoted husband. His loss will be keenly felt by the citizens of Bradford township, particularly. His friends have our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in their bereavement.

In the same battle Lieut. Sparks of Co. C. was killed and Lieut. Pelton was wounded, but we learn not seriously. Lieut. Sparks was a stranger to this community, but we understand he was an excellent officer, and his loss is much deplored by his comrades in arms. Capt. Cowles spoke of no other casualties in his company.

We mentioned in our last of the wounding of Lieut. Pelton in the recent battles near Petersburg. Now we are called upon to announce his death, which was the effect of the wounds received at that time. It grieves us to record the death of such noble men as John Pelton. He first entered the service in 1861, as a member of Co. H. of the 58th Regiment, and we can testify to his bearing as a true soldier upon every occasion which called out the elements constituting one. In the latter part of '63 he was mustered out of service for the purpose of being mustered in as 2nd Lieut. of his Co. After being mustered out it was ascertained that his Co. had not the requisite number of men to entitle him to a commission. Consequently he was sent home to await the filling up of his company. While home, in the fall of '64, Capt. Cowels received authority to raise a Co. of men for one year's service, and Pelton was one of the first to enlist in that Co. At the organization of the Co he was made 2nd Lieut. and he served in that capa[illegible] leading his men [illegible]. Thus [illegible] has been made [illegible] of human liberty.

[illegible] remains of Lieut. Pelton have [illegible] home, and the funeral services [illegible] take place at the church in Farmers Valley to-day (Tuesday April 25, 1865) at 10 o'clock. Elder Morris will preach the funeral sermon.

Laws of Gravity Overcome.

William H. Sampson, a machinist of Evenstown, Ill., is one of the greatest discoverers that ever lived, he thinks. He has Sir Isaac Newton skinned both ways from the apple tree, says the Cleveland Leader.

All Newton did was to discover the law of gravitation. Sampson (he alleges) can make it work backward. He has discovered another law wherby the force of gravity will pull up as well as push down. So he is going to build an airship weighing 1,200 pounds, which will raise a weight of 7,600 pounds. And it will go 200 miles an hour.

So it appears that gravity has been breaking the law all these years, and nobody ever knew it. One is glad that Mr. Sampson has found a way to make it do its whole duty at last. As soon as he tells us how it's done we shall doubtless be able to drop stones upward, fall off a roof in the direction of Mars or dive out of the way on the dock. Attach a gravity machine to whatever you want lifted, from a canal boat to a mortgage, and you can do it with one hand tied behind you.

Frank R. Stockton, it seem, was a prophet in his day. His "Tale of Negative Gravity" describes just such a machine, only omitting the details of its construction. The Evenstown inventor has found out about these details, he avers; so perhaps Mr. Stockton's story was not so grotesque, after all. Jules Verne antisipated the submarine, you will remember, and other novelists have foreseen wonders destined to become realities.

We await Mr. Sampson's gravity machine with all the childish eagerness with which we erstwhile hailed the Kelly motor.

Labor Day at Bradford.

The big Labor Day celebration to be held in Bradford on Monday, September 7, is expected to be the greatest event in the history of that city. The committees have been working hard on the details of this event and have everything in readiness for this auspicious occasion.

The program of the day includes a large parade which will probably be the most interesting ever held there. The parade will be composed of the various unions of Bradford, Olean, Jamestown, Salamanca and other places; G. A. R.; U. V. L.; four or five bands, together with the city officials in carriages and several industrial floats.

The afternoon events on the streets will be: a motorcycle race, boys' foot race, colored boys' foot race, sack race and wheelbarrow race.

At the driving park the events will be: Motorcycle race, automobile parade, automobile race, ball game, fat men's race, middleweight race, 100-yard dash, old men's race, ladies' foot race, quoit game, horse running race.

Do not fail to attend these big events for they will be worth your time and money.

Attention, Teddy!

On Monday evening, August 31, 1908, twins were born to Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Norman at their home in Keating township, one-half mile north of this borough. They are a pair of bright healthy girls and are the pride of the family.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman are progressive Swedish-American farmers and staunch Republicans, thoroughly believing in the anti-race-suicide doctrine of our honored President, Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Norman is 47 years of age and Mrs. Norman is 32 and they are the parents of twelve hearty, healthy and handsome children, the eldest of which is under eighteen years of age.

Mr. Norman has only a small farm yet he is caring for this large happy family in a very creditable manner. When President Roosevelt hears of this he will probably be as "de-lighted" as he was when he read the election returns from Pennsylvania in November, 1904.

To those afflicted with kidney and bladder trouble, backache, rheumatism, Pineules for the Kidneys bring relief in the first dose. Hundreds of people to-day testify to their remarkable healing and tonic properties. 30 days' trial $1.00. They purify the blood. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethp[illegible] C. A. Anderson Colegrove.

Just re[illegible] [illegible]ads of fertilizer a[illegible] [illegible]ents. Three sets seco[illegible] harness, three second-hand heavy lumber wagons for sale cheap. E. W. Jones, Smethport, Pa.

Rings Little Liver Pills for biliousness sick headache, muddy complexion. They tone the liver; do not gripe. They keep you well. 25c. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Sturdvent.

GREAT SPORT AT McKEAN CO. FAIR AND RACES.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 15, 16, 17 & 18.

HURDLE RACES A NEW FEATURE.

The Program of Races and Athletic Events the Best Ever—Great Interest in Scholastic Contests—$2550 in Purses and over $3000 in Premiums.

In a recent conversation with President R. W. Hilton of the McKean County Fair Association that gentleman assured us that everything points toward this being the greatest year in the history of that institution. He says that unless all signs fail the Fourth Annual Fair and Races will eclipse anything ever held in this county or in fact in this section of the state. Therefore we suggest that it would be a good plan for every man, woman and child to make arrangements to come to Smethport and stay during these four days.

This year if there is to be one day which is bigger and better than any other it will be Tuesday, the first day. The program for this day consists of the big Interscolastic Athletic Contests, ten events in all and of which more extended mention is made below in this article. The 2:24 pace for a purse of $300. The farmers' race for a purse of $25. The Kishizuna Japanese Troupe and Scott's Creoles, which will entertain between the heats. And last but not least will be a Hurdle Race, which is so popular among all who are lovers of the greatest sport on earth. This will be known as "School Day" and in its honor we understand that all the schools in the county will be closed, thus giving the scholars an opportunity to attend and cheer their favorites on to victory.

Wednesday, which has always been set aside as Grange Day, will be a banner day this year, as it has been in the past. The racing program includes a 2:30 trot for a $300 purse; a 2:17 pace for a purse of $300; a five-eights mile running race for a purse of $125, and another hurdle race. The Kishizuna Japanese Troupe and Scott's Creoles will be attractions also on this day.

Thursday is Bradford Day, and the patriotic citizens of the Oil Metropolis will be here in a body just to show their good will and incidentally to enjoy a day of genuine sport. The racing program comprises a 2:22 trot, purse $300; 2:17 trot and 2:20 pace, mixed, purse $300; and a three-fourths mile running race, purse $150. The Japanese Troupe and Scott's Creoles will give their acts between the heats.

Friday is the day that everybody wants to be present. The racing is always good and this year it comprises a 2:30 pace for a purse of $300; a race for county horses, one half mile, for a purse of $50, and a one-half mile running race for a purse of $100. These races will also be interspersed with clever acts by the Japanese Troupe and Scott's Creoles. Friday is also the day when the great parade of all the prize-winning stock is held and is always one of the principal features of the Fair. One could not ask for a more imposing spectacle than this parade last year, and everyone who saw it said it was well worth coming miles to see.

Each day will be additionally enlivened with music by one of the best bands in this section. The Salamanca Indian Reservation band, which made such a hit at Rock City a couple of weeks ago, has been engaged as one of the bands. A party of Indians from the same reservation will entertain the fair attendants with war dances, medicine dances, lacrosse and other Indian games.

For the midway a great many new attractions have been secured together with many of the old reliable attractions. The superintendent of privileges has received a large number of applications for locations and he expects the midway to be bigger and better than ever. Every booth under the grand stand has been taken and more would like places if they could be provided.

One can never tell until they are on the grounds anything about the number of exhibits of live stock and other products to expect but judging from the fat live stock and large crops to be found in every section of the county, it is pretty safe to assert that this department will be more crowded than ever before, and that the exhibits in every branch of this department will be well worth the time and money spent in coming to see them.

It is not only worth your while but it is your duty to attend this Fair and use your very best efforts to make it the great financial success that it deserves. The officers and stockholders of this association are not desirous of making money out of these fairs but in order to keep them up they must pay expenses, which they have hardly done in the past owing to bad weather and therefore you are urged to help all you can this year.

INTERSCOLASTIC ATHLETIC MEET.

The management of the McKean County Fair has arranged many new features for the present year, but none will awaken more interest or be the means of doing more good than the athletic contest been the boys of the different high schools of the county. A principals' meeting was called in Co. Superintendent Bayle's office on August 22, and all arrangements made for the various events with rules to govern the same.

The contest will be pulled off on the first day of the fair in the following order:

Half mile run.
Relay hurdle race.
Putting 12 lb. shot.
Hundred yard dash.
Running high jump.
Quarter mile run.
Pole vault.
Cross country run.
Running broad jump.
Half mile relay race.

As each of the eight high schools may enter twenty-nine different boys, and as every school has a loyal student numbered by hundreds, it is needless to say that there will be "something doing" on the fair grounds on Tuesday, Sept. 15.

The Association has appropriated $200 for this contest, about $25 of which will be used for medals for boys winning first places, and a banner for the most points. The remainder will be divided among the schools as per points won. The first place in each event counts 5 points; second, 3, and third, 1; except in the cross country run in which first counts 10 points; second, 5; third, 4; fourth, 3; fifth, 2; and sixth, 1.

Children Nearly Perished in Flames.

Late Saturday evening, the two-story dwelling house of James Sobel, located on the George Potter lease at Songbird, on the road to Marshburg, was destroyed by fire and the five small children left alone at home while the father was in Bradford barely escaped with their lives. That all were not burned to death in the structure was due to the heroic work of Hiram Douglass, a neighbor, who was on his way home when he discovered the fire. Mr. Douglass ran to the burning building and kicked at one of the doors until it opened. He aroused one of the older boys from his slumbers, but not until the smoke had commenced to roll into the room. The other children were in their beds upstairs.

The boy hastened to the upstairs apartments and with Mr. Douglass succeeded in rescuing the children, the little ones being taken out of a window. One of the little girls, Ivah Sobel, was quite severely burned. In a very few minutes the children would all have been suffocated. The house was totally destroyed together with its contents, the only thing of value saved being a chest of tools on the veranda. There was no insurance.

The children's clothing, except that which they had on when taken from their beds, was all destroyed. Their father came to Bradford early Sunday morning to get new apparel for them. He said that his wife and oldest daughter had left home some time ago, owing to domestic differences and since their departure he has had a trying experience in his efforts to care for his little flock at his humble home.

Neighbors say that the case is one that ought to receive official attention. While Sobel does his utmost to provide for the children, a mother's care is sadly lacking. The neighbors are now caring for the homeless ones.

Mr. Sobel is a rig builder and gets but small wages. It is probable that the Children's Aid Society of Bradford may devote some attention to the case.

The children are named Lyman, James, Julia, Ivah and Bernice Sobel.—Bradford Era.

Marsh-Newman.

Married in Olean, August 31, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Newman, by Rev. F. Rouls of Port[illegible], Mr. Milton M. Marsh of Newell to Miss Charlotte Newman of Olean. Only a few of the nearest friends were invited to witness the ceremony, which took place under a beautiful archway of goldenrod.

Bride and bridesmaid each carried a bouquet of roses. The happy couple departed Tuesday morning for Toronto, Canada, where they will spend a few days enjoying the fair.

Both bride and groom have many friends who wish them a long and happy life. They will make their home in Olean.

***

Grand Excursion via P., S. & N.

On Labor Day, Monday, September 7, 1908, the P., S. & N. will run special excursion from Wayland, N.Y. and intermediate points to St. Marys. These excursions have proven very popular in the past, and it is expected that a large number of people will take advantage of this opportunity to visit St. Marys and enjoy the delightful ride through the mountainous country.

Pack your basket and join the excursion.

Inquire of P., S. & N. Agents for rates and schedule.

The Ways ...Of Fate.

By Zelia Margaret Walters.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

When it became an established fact that David Forbes would never go wooing on his own account, his mother undertook to manage the delicate affair for him. She selected Lucy Wilson, a capable girl.

"Now, you go over there tonight," she directed her son. "Lucy's willing and the old folks have given their consent, so there's nothing to be afraid of. Lucy's so lively and runs on so I guess you won't have to do much talking."

Although David [illegible] his rule he preferred to obey. He drove past the Wilson farmhouse twice, but on approaching the third time, just as he was about to enter recklessly, he saw Lucy on the porch, and, turning his horse about, he fled.

This abruptly ended David's first advance toward matrimony. Indignant Lucy quickly accepted another swain, and David settled down to what seemed hopeless bachelorhood.

One morning in midsummer, when the first luscious blueberries were ripe, Mrs. Forbes asked David to take a half day from the farm work and go to the mountain for blueberries. David agreed and started off with a basket on either arm. Many berry pickers were at work on the lower slopes and near the path, but David, who had suffered often from their rough wit, went farther on, circling around to the wilder, steeper side of the mountain.

He found a place yet unvisited and settled to picking where the bushes were loaded with fruit. But even in this lonely place he was disturbed by some one approaching through the brush.

He caught a glimpse of a woman's gown and started to retreat noiselessly. Then he noticed that it was a pink gown and paused. The farmer's daughters and the village girls did not wear thin pink dresses when they went berrying on the mountain side.

[illegible] had observed more than his friends gave him credit for, so he waited [illegible] who the girl was [illegible] him full [illegible]. There was no [illegible] over the bushes [illegible].

The fair stranger [illegible] the one brief glance David could [illegible] that she was both fair and [illegible]. She had [illegible] a [illegible] little hat. [illegible] why she was alone so far from the frequented paths.

The girl examined the hat, [illegible] downcast lashes [illegible] she was of [illegible].

"Why does he [illegible]" she thought. "The others [illegible]. I wonder who he is. I haven't seen him anywhere. I'll just [illegible]" she watched him.

David [illegible]

[illegible] would have [illegible] made him change his attitude.

[illegible] something [illegible]. There was a [illegible] and a rending of the earth, followed by a muffled roar. The ground [illegible] in an awful gulf at their feet.

Man and maid, clutching wildly at each other, slid down, blinded and choked by the flying dust. Through it all David had kept his arm about the girl, whom he had seized when the nature of the calamity had burst upon him.

His first thought when the upheaval ceased was that he [illegible] moved cautiously, to assure himself that he was [illegible] in body and then opened his [illegible] that he was not buried, as he had expected to be. At [illegible] head he saw the [illegible] sharing the blue of the sky. Then he looked at the lovely [illegible] lying in his arms. Her eyes opened, fixed on his in terror.

To David's own everlasting surprise he found himself stroking her hair soothingly. His tongue was unloosed.

"Don't be afraid," he said. "The danger is all over now."

"You saved my life," she said in a hushed voice.

"Not at all," he answered briskly. "I only held you when I saw that we were going down. We're mighty lucky that we came out on top."

For David knew that they had fallen into an [illegible] pocket of the coal mine. The supports had rotted away and the pocket had run too near the surface of the mountain side for safety.

The girl, weeping softly, clung to David. The surest way to win her gratitude would be to get her out as soon as possible. He [illegible] his brains for a plan of escape. Crawling up the perpendicular sides of the pit was out of the question.

"Some of the berry pickers may have heard the noise," he said cheerfully, "and your friends will soon be looking for you."

"No," she said, "they are so far from here. Besides, I ran away from them, and they will think I have gone home."

"They'll search for me when I don't come to supper." Though he spoke laughingly to reassure her, he knew the futility of this hope. The territory to be searched was very large. They might have to pass the night in the awful dread of fresh earth falling at any moment. But in the gloom of his reflections a sound familiar, though muffled, came to his ear. He turned to his companion, laughing.

"Help is at hand," he said in mock heroics. "Prepare for the most romantic happening of your life. We are about to be rescued by a mule."

His cheer was contagious, and she lost her fear.

"Since the mine is so near there must be but a thin wall of earth between us and a passage of the mine," he went on. "I'm going to dig through, and we'll walk till we find some miners."

Although he had nothing but a rough, broken bough to work with, he attacked the wall vigorously. The girl stood beside him.

Soon he could thrust his arm through the opening he had made. Then he worked furiously until it was large enough for them to creep through. The fear of more earth falling was upon him every moment. An astonished mule thrust his head out into the light and then fled wildly back into the mine.

"Come," said David, taking her hand and drawing a long breath of relief. She clung close to him as they went into the darkness. Their progress was toilsome, for David had to feel his way step by step and shield his companion.

It seemed that hours of this maddening groping went by, and yet David was exultant, for, though panic fear dogged the footsteps of the girl, he was able to keep it at bay by his touch and voice.

She cried out when a point of light showed far ahead of them. A moment later a voice with a rich Welsh accent exclaimed: "Here comes that bludy runaway mule outen the old pocket. And I'm donned if here be'ant a lady comin', too, and Davie Forbes, as I'm a livin' sinner."

The miner listened to David's story of the cave-in and then conducted them to the shaft, muttering softly, "Well, I'm donned!"

When they stood on firm earth in the welcome sunlight David again asserted his newly discovered mastery. "You're too tired to walk back to town. It's [illegible] miles from here and rough walking. I'll get a horse and buggy somewhere around here and take you up to our place. Then after you have supper and rest I'll drive you to town. My mother will be glad to have you come."

[illegible], David, [illegible]

And they thought you knew nothing of [illegible].

The stranger [illegible] with a [illegible] as imperious [illegible] was in David.

Soon before had David [illegible] advised that his [illegible] house and [illegible]

[illegible] Mrs. Forbes [illegible] with [illegible] hospitality. When she heard of the accident her sympathy [illegible]. The visitor recovered [illegible] quickly. She told them that her name was Marian Hills and that she was visiting an aunt in town. She assured Mrs. Forbes that David was positively the bravest man in the world. Mrs. Forbes looked at her son in helpless wonder. While waiting for supper Marion demanded that David show her [illegible] the farm.

[illegible] toward a [illegible] with [illegible] satisfaction [illegible] through meadows and [illegible].

"Shall I [illegible] of the [illegible] to tell [illegible] coming for me?" David asked. What she replied [illegible] was [illegible] later.

"No," she said. "No one cares very much where I am. I have no one but Aunt Kate, and she thinks I am a great nuisance, though I am only with her for my two weeks' vacation each year."

"There is some one who cares very much where you are," said David boldly. Marion hastened to admire the beautiful view from the orchard slope, but he was not to be diverted and soon possessed himself of her commonplace little story of struggle and hard work.

"You are not going back at all," said David hotly. "It's dreadful that a girl should [illegible] like that and have no one to take care of her. Two weeks is enough courting. I believe girls usually think they need lots of time, but I'll [illegible] you trust me."

Mrs. Forbes was calling them from the kitchen door. Marion ran ahead, her cheeks scarlet and her eyes star bright.

But of course when they were driving to town through that sweet summer night she had to tell him tremulously how grateful she was to him for saving her life. And he made the answer [illegible] of all heroes who do high deeds for their lady loves.

Lengthy Lineage.

In "Leaves From the Notebooks of Lady Dorothy Nevill," edited by Lady Dorothy's son, Ralph Nevill, there is an amusing story of an old peer whose [illegible] family pride was agreeably [illegible] with humor.

One day he was surprised to be told by his sister that she had conceived a great affection for a well known although eccentric man of science who, although generally esteemed, was of very humble Scottish origin.

Not quite determined as to what course of action he should take, he sent for the prospective bridegroom with the intention of talking matters over. After some conversation he said:

"And now, sir, I should like to know something about your family."

"I think," replied the other, "that it will be sufficient to say that I am of the descent of the illustrious blood of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob."

"Oh," said the peer, "of course our family has nothing to compare with that. If my sister really likes you you had better take her."

Wood's Liver Medicine in liquid form for malaria, chills and fever, regulates the liver, kidneys, and bladder, brings quick relief to biliousness, sick-headache, constipation. Pleasant to take. The $1.00 bottle contains 2½ times the quantity of the 50c size. First dose brings relief. Its tonic effects felt at once. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

INSURANCE.
Life, Fire and Accident
written by
W. F. SPECHT
SMETHPORT, PA.
in good, reliable companies.

HIS PASSPORT NO GOOD.

Italy Holds That "Once an Italian Always an Italian."

When on my first visit to Italy after an absence of twenty-five years, furnished though I was with a passport from Washington with the great red seal of state and with my naturalization papers, I was amazed when I was arrested and put in a den of a prison reeking with filth and vermin because I had paid no attention to the Italian laws regarding the matter of military obligation. I was under the impression, as I am sure many Americans are, that when once I had sworn off my allegiance to the king of Italy and had become an American citizen I would be recognized as such and not be required to fulfill the obligations of an Italian citizen.

The experience was not amusing, and yet as I look back upon it there was a ridiculous side to it. When with great dignity and pride I pulled from my pocket my passport I expected to see the little Italian official gasp for breath and humbly beg my pardon. Imagine my feelings when, glancing at the American eagle on my papers and the signature of the secretary of state, I at the same time exclaiming, "Sono cittadino Americano" ("I am an American citizen"), he turned his back upon me and said most indifferently, "Fa niente; fa niente" ("That's nothing; that's nothing"). I was led away by two carabinieri and turned into a large room, where I found seven prisoners who were to be my companions for that day and night. The next day I was taken before the prefect of the province, and then it was learned that I was not obliged to serve the regular three years in the Italian army, not because I was an American citizen—that was not recognized—but because I was the only male in my family. The Italian theory is "once an Italian always an Italian." The government does not recognize the change of allegiance on the part of any of its subjects.—Antonio Mangano in "Charities and the Commons."

PAIN AND PLEASURE.

The Sensations That Come When a Person Is Hanged.

This is the way Rev. J. T. Mann in [illegible] describes the way it feels to be hanged:

At Fort Barrancas, Fla., on April 4, 1865, I was hanged as a Confederate spy. I spent four minutes physically and spiritually between earth and heaven. Then a Yankee sergeant, believing me to be the wrong man, cut me down.

My first sensation when the barrel was kicked from under my feet was that a steam boiler inside me was about to explode. Every vein and blood vessel [illegible] from my heart seemed charged with an oppressive fullness that sought an avenue of escape. The nervous system throughout my length was tingling with a painful, pricking sensation the like of which I never felt before or since. Then followed the sense of an explosion, as if a volcano had erupted. This seemed to give me relief, and the pain gave way to a pleasing feeling [illegible] very delightful [illegible] could it be secured without death. With this sensation a light broke in upon my sight, a light of [illegible] whiteness, yet, strange to say, so [illegible] that it was easier to pierce with the eye than the light of day. Then came into my mouth a taste of sweetness the like of which I have never since known. And I felt myself moving on with a [illegible]ness of leaving everything behind. Then I heard the sweetest music, and it seemed that more than a thousand harps led in each part, accompanied by myriads of voices.

And the sensation of coming back to life after I had been cut down was just as painful as the first feeling of hanging. It was acute torture. Every nerve seemed to have a pain of its own. My nose and fingers were seats of the most excruciating agony. In half an hour the pain was all gone, but I would not go through the experience again for the wealth of the Indies.

Russian Marriages.

The celebration of a Russian marriage sometimes extends over three days. At the wedding festivities the bride is expected to dance with the men one after another until she drops with sheer fatigue. It is a matter of pride with her to keep going as long as possible, and it is not unusual to find a bride dancing gayly after three days and nights of vigorous frolic. When a girl is dancing with a man she always holds his pipe. It would be regarded as extremely rude if a man should continue to smoke his pipe in such circumstances.—London Tit-Bits.

Not So Bad.

Mr. Subbs (after engaging cook)—There's one other thing I suppose you should know, Miss Flannigan—my wife is a chronic invalid, confined to her room.

Miss Flannigan—That's fine! I wor afeerd she might be wan iv thim chronic kickers that ar-re confined t' th' kitchen, begobs!—Puck.

She Hit Back.

"I told teacher, pop, that you said she taught you when you was a little boy."

"What did she say?"

"That stupidity must run in the family."—Baltimore American.

And Some Hard Words.

"When a woman packs a trunk she puts her soul into the task."

"And when a man packs a trunk he puts his feet into it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Ill founded enmities are ever the most obstinate.—Retz.

Pineules for the Kidneys, 30 days' trial $1.00. Hundreds of people testify to the merit of this preparation in the relief of kidney trouble, rheumatism, lumbago, backache. Pineules act directly on the kidneys, purify the blood and make you feel like a new person. They tone the system. Sold by C. A. Anderson, Colegrove and Palace Pharmacy, Smethport.

AN UNFINISHED PROPOSAL.

By C. B. LEWIS.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

When mothers put it the way they do we must sympathize with them more or less, especially when the mother is a widow. It isn't through any spirit of avarice that she would have her daughter marry rich. It is simply that the money may be in the house when the man comes around with the gas bill. It isn't because of snobbishness that she would prefer to be the mother-in-law of a duke rather than a commoner, but dukes are said never to call their mothers-in-law old cats.

It isn't from any desire to smash romances or break hearts that they lug the daughter of twenty off to Europe in hopes she will forget the man of twenty-five to fall in love with a suitor of sixty. It is that the dear girl may have a grandfather, a father and a husband all in one.

Such were the guiding principles of Mrs. Deland, relict of Judge Deland, and it is requested that a fair per cent of the readers of this story become her partisans and give her a fair show.

Of course the daughter, Clara, had received the education given to all young girls whose fathers or mothers are able to pay for the same by the square foot, and she had arrived at the age of twenty without causing any particular worry to anybody when she met young Albert Lee. They called him young Lee because he was only twenty-two and because there was an old Lee who was sixty.

Young Lee was still at college, and it was still an unsettled question as to what profession he would select to make his way through life. In an indefinitely definite way he had been paying his attentions to Miss Clara for several months before the widowed mother, with a woman's intuition, aroused herself to the realization that her lamb might be stolen away. Then, like a dutiful mother, she began making inquiries and scolding her daughter at the same time.

It did not take long to exhaust the schedule of inquiries. Young Lee was all right socially, and his sixty-year-old father would leave him a comfortable property when the reaper came, but there was no telling whether he would pass away at sixty-one or eighty-five.

It was tough [illegible] for a mother with a firmness bent on her to take. She at once put her foot down, and of course it was the wrong foot. She began by criticising the suitor and ended by announcing that she would rather see her daughter in her grave.

There were arguments, protestations, tears. A girl who is beginning to feel the first [illegible] of love may be argued [illegible] but [illegible] to convince her [illegible] another [illegible].

After a few [illegible] further [illegible] Young Lee would [illegible]. The excitements and [illegible] of London, Paris, Berlin [illegible] the daughter's mind, and some day [illegible] at this [illegible] and exclaim: "Bless you, [illegible] that you have caused me to forget that penniless young man and engaged me to the living remains of an ancient lord, duke or count!"

The living remains appeared in London. He was Lord Somebody-or-other. The only certain thing about his age was that he was over sixty. The only certain thing about his attentions to the daughter was that he believed the mother far richer than she was and that he had several mortgages on several ruined castles that he wished to repair.

After the first meeting, which came about through accident, milord was in evidence at brief intervals during the tour, lasting three months and more. He received all proper encouragement from the mother, and there were times when the daughter sat and looked at his dyed hair and false eyebrows and pasted wrinkles and was amused.

In due time, which was a day or two before the ladies sailed for home, he made his proposal. It was first made to the mother, who received it smilingly; then to the daughter, who also smiled a little, but prevaricated by saying that she didn't know her own heart.

Milord was in duty bound, as gallant remains are, to say that he would give her time, and Clara looked back at London from the decks of the steamer and congratulated herself that this ended it all.

That was where she was just as much mistaken as her mother had been. They had been home only four weeks when milord put in an appearance at the American manor house. It was no one's business but his own how he had managed to raise the cash for the trip. There are money lenders in London who will take long chances. His love had not grown cold with the departure of Miss Deland.

Just as the mother had figured on, young Lee had not followed the couple abroad. There are postoffices all over the civilized world, however, and a slangy girl might have said that it was a cold week when Clara didn't receive and answer a letter from a certain New England college town.

She may have even met young Lee after her return. They may have met and strolled on the broad highway leading to the village—just a little stroll and just a little talk. If so, the mother didn't know anything about it. Milord had arrived to renew his proposal, and not three days had passed when the mother wanted to know what the daughter's answer was to be.

"If he proposes to me again I shall accept him," was the prompt and unexpected reply.

No more arguments, no more protestations, no more tears. The mother simply threw her arms around her daughter and murmured that she was the sweetest, dearest daughter in the whole world and then went off to inform milord that he had a cinch. A cinch, it may be explained, means a good thing—you are the only [illegible] on the route.

Nothing has heretofore been said as to Miss Deland being the sole owner and chauffeur of an electric runabout, and even now the name of the maker will not be announced except at regular advertising rates.

When she realized that a second proposal from milord was inevitable she chose her own ground to receive it. That is, she invited the living remains to take a trip with her over the highways. Had he been a young man of thirty he would have scented deviltry in the air. Had he been a few years older he could not have managed to climb into the vehicle.

For the first mile of the trip he hung on with a death grip and said nothing. Then, as no calamity happened, he got over his scare a bit and proceeded to observe:

"My dear and charming Miss Deland, you remember that in London"—

The dear and charming one steered the vehicle over the humpy ground beside the track, and the bumps and bounces that followed kept milord in terror for the next five minutes. He had not been smashed up or thrown out, and he began again:

"I make no excuse for following you to America. As I told your dear mother in London"—

The electric started for the ditch, and Clara screamed, and for a few seconds there was every promise of a tragedy. Milord gasped a prayer and dug in his toes, and when the vehicle was once more in the straight and narrow path its conductress said:

"I think it was your talk that confused me, but I will do better henceforth. You were saying that you told [illegible] or I told or mother or some one else told somebody something in London?"

"Yes. Is it positively necessary, my dear Miss Deland, to drive this vehicle as if we were racing with a locomotive?"

"Oh, not at all, my lord. You were saying"—

"I was saying to your mother that I had met my ideal at last and that"—

This time the electric left the road and invaded the hazel bushes, and a man would have kept his nerve and [illegible] made a [illegible]. All [illegible] but thought it was all over, and it was fully two minutes before he could swallow the lump in his throat and gasp out:

"My dear, if we were to take a slower pace I believe I should enjoy the ride more. I felt it my first duty to let your mother know what my feelings were toward you, and then"—

"Why, you don't call this fast going, do you?" interrupted the girl. "We have simply been dawdling. I will now show you the speed I generally ride at."

She showed him. He figured it out that it was a thousand miles an hour, but of course it was only twenty. He needed encouragement to go on, and Miss Clara gave it to him by observing:

"Yes, you spoke to mamma, and then"—

"Then, my dear, I had the courage to"—

Away went the machine for a telegraph pole, and the living remains forgot his dignity and cried out in apprehension. He was gathering himself for a jump when the vehicle [illegible] the pole by all of three-eighths of an inch and was guided back into the road, running on two wheels.

"You had the courage to—to—" queried Clara when things were going right again.

"Yes, my dear girl, I had the courage as well as the honor to ask for a private interview with you, and when it had been accorded I—"

At this point the runabout shot to the right, shot to the left, jumped ahead and then made a sudden sweep and headed for home. It came to a halt for just three seconds, but that was plenty of time for milord to tumble out and remark:

"The scenery is so beautiful here that I think I will walk back to the house."

"But when the private interview had been accorded"—

"Yes! Um! Yes, I think I will walk."

"Well?" asked the mother when the daughter reached home.

"He never proposed. He didn't half propose," was the answer, "and now if Mr. Lee calls and you like him half as well as I do"—

"Clara, you go to your room. Milord leaves tomorrow. You have frightened him out of America."

Misspelled Names of Places.

A name very difficult to find correctly spelled is that of the Lake Ontario port Sackets Harbor. When it is not "Sackett's Harbor" or "Sackett Harbor" it is commonly "Sacket's Harbor." Another, not so frequently wrong, is "Newburgh," the city of which name is in the town of "Newburg." This brings up the problem of "Pittsburg," which its citizens like so well to spell "Pittsburgh." Another puzzler is "Hoosick Falls," which is on the Hoosac river, in Rensselaer county. The United States geographical board is the ultimate authority on the names of places in America.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

If you are a sufferer from that most distressing affliction, piles, and have tried many remedies without being benefitted we can safely say that ManZan Pile Remedy will bring relief with the first application. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

L. K. Hogarth
Drugs and Medicines

Our twenty years' experience in compounding prescriptions insures accuracy in this dept.

Blue Ribbon Ice Cream
Ice Cream Soda in a
Clean Glass at
L. K. HOGARTH'S.
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Orange Bank SMETHPORT

ACME MILL,
F. A. GREEN, Prop.
We carry a complete and fresh stock of
FLOUR, FEED,
MEAL, OATS,
MIDDLINGS, Etc.
AGENT FOR
Blatchford's Calf Meal.
Water & Hill Sts. Smethport

Rooney's is the Place
to buy a nice, sweet piece o
Fresh,
Salt or
Smoked
MEAT
whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for
Fruit and Vegetables
I am always headquarters.
J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

UNDERTAKING
AND
EMBALMING
IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR
SPECHT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

A. T. Palmer
Agent for Empire Drill Co.
Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Fedders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.

Blankets and Robes.
The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at this store you can always find
Just What You Want.
A line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cases, Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices.
Harness—All the latest styles in single or double, light and heavy harness.
Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

PATENTS
PROCURED AND DEFENDED. Send model, drawing or photo, for expert search and free report. Free advice, how to obtain patents, trade marks, copyrights, etc., IN ALL COUNTRIES.
Business direct with Washington saves time, money and often the patent.
Patent and Infringement Practice Exclusively.
Write or come to us at
623 Ninth Street, opp. United States Patent Office,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
C.A.SNOW & Co.

C. A. BURDICK
Dealer in the following high-grade pianos:
The A. B. Chase, The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Packard and Malcolm Love.
Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.
Also representing the Equitable Life Assurance Society, Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Fourteen of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.
C. A. BURDICK.
[illegible] Street, Smethport.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable estalishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

C. J. Vanblad

Practical Horseshoer.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING

and

BLACKSMITHING

in a satisfactory manner.

The Story of a Medicine.

Its name—"Golden Medical Discovery" was suggested by one of its most important and valuable ingredients—Golden Seal root.

Nearly forty years ago, Dr. Pierce discovered that he could, by the use of pure, triple-refined glycerine, aided by a certain degree of constantly maintained heat and with the aid of apparatus and appliances designed for that purpose, extract from our most valuable native medicinal roots their curative properties much better than by the use of alcohol, so generally employed. So the now world-famed "Golden Medical Discovery," for the cure of weak stomach, indigestion, or dyspepsia, torpid liver, or biliousness and kindred derangements was first made, as it ever since has been, without a particle of alcohol in its make-up.

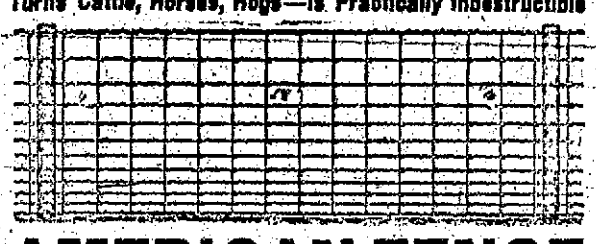
A glance at the full list of its ingredients, printed on every bottle-wrapper, will show that it is made from the most valuable medicinal roots found growing in our American forests. All these ingredients have received the strongest endorsement from the leading medical experts, teachers and writers on Materia Medica who recommend them as the very best remedies for the diseases for which "Golden Medical Discovery" is advised.

A little book of these endorsements has been compiled by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., and will be mailed *free* to any one asking same by postal card, or letter addressed to the Doctor as above. From these endorsements, copied from standard medical books of all the different schools of practice, it will be found that the ingredients composing the "Golden Medical Discovery" are advised not only for the cure of the above mentioned diseases, but *also* for the cure of all catarrhal, bronchial and throat affections, accompanied with catarrhal discharges, hoarseness, sore throat, lingering, or hang-on-coughs, and all those wasting affections which, if not promptly and properly treated are liable to terminate in consumption. Take Dr. Pierce's Discovery in time and persevere in its use until you give it a fair trial and it is not likely to disappoint. Too much must not be expected of it. It will not perform miracles. It will not cure consumption in its advanced stages. No medicine will. It *will* cure the affections that lead up to consumption, *if taken in time.*

THE BIG STORE.

Stands Like a Stone Wall

Turns Cattle, Horses, Hogs—Is Practically Indestructible



AMERICAN FENCE

Buy your new fence for years to come. Get the big, heavy wires, the hinge joint, the good galvanizing, the exactly proportioned quality of steel that is not *too hard nor* too soft.

We can show you this fence in our stock and explain its merits and superiority, not only in the roll but in the field. Come and see us and get our prices.

FISHING TACKLE

Roofing and building material

Dairy Supplies Barb Wire and Nails

J. C. HAMLIN

The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 3, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Join your friends in having a good time at the McKean County Fair and Races September 15, 16, 17 and 18.

—The Wallace Wheeler farm of 100 acres, located near Birdsall, N. Y., was sold on Saturday through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar, N. Y., to Frank Wheeler of Belmont, N. Y., who owns adjoining property.

—The Michael Mullan farm of 200 acres, located on East Hill, four miles from Friendship, N. Y., was sold yesterday through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar, to Frank Cooley of Belmont, N. Y., who takes possession at once.

—This is a year of freaks in the corn line. George Toles brought to town Saturday evening a stalk on which there were eight ears of corn. The seven ears surrounding one large ear, each contained four rows of corn.—Coudersport Democrat.

—An exchange says: The suit which was brought against the N. P. L. some time ago by a Towanda man to recover the difference between the dividend of $113.58 and the amount which was promised to be paid by the Legion has resulted in a judgment against the Legion and there are a great many more cases similar to this one.

—Some weeks ago an Italian young man was murdered in the suburbs of Bradford and as yet no clue has been obtained as to the whereabouts of the assassin. Sebastian Doldo was killed by a companion whose name is well known to many of Doldo's countrymen here, but he has succeeded in getting out of this section and avoiding arrest.—Bradford Era.

—L. H. Cowley returned to his home near Sizerville Thursday, from Oxford, Mich., where he attended the hundredth anniversary of the birth of his aunt, Mrs. Charity Stevens, says the Emporium Press. Mrs. Stevens is still active and able to converse with her friends. She and her husband were among the early settlers of Cameron county, having built the house now occupied by Miss Dora Sizer at Sizerville. In honor of the event, about one thousand relatives and friends assembled at the home of her son, Cashius Stevens, to help this venerable lady celebrate the day. She recognized and called by name over three hundred of her guests.

—Several letters sent from here to Prof. Leo Amzi, Bridgeport, Conn., have been returned by the postoffice department marked fraudulent. This means that the concern is under the ban of the postoffice department and persons here are warned from having any dealing with them. Prof. Amzi has been advertising himself as an astrologer and has been telling fortunes through the mail.—Port Allegany Argus.

—Mrs. E. A. Canfield of East Main street has a cat that has peculiar characteristics, inasmuch as instead of being the enemy and destroyer of birds, it has constituted itself *their friend and protector.* This cat of unusual habits recently after a severe rain storm brought several disabled robins into the house and carefully deposited them in Mrs. Canfield's lap for attention. The cat also brought an injured bird into the house on Sunday and apparently asked that it be given care and restored to health. The cat is also a friend and playmate of chickens and often brings little chickens into the house and shares its bed with them.—Cuba Free Press.

—Forty-nine years ago Friday the discovery of oil took place. That event which has since worked such miracles in the world of science, industry and commerce, is one which will always be remembered by the people of Titusville. It was August 28, 1859, that the bit in the old Drake well first touched the oil sand. The Cattadohta chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, are preparing a personal appeal to the people of Titusville and of oildom generally for funds with which to erect a suitable memorial, which will be unveiled one year from to-day. It is expected that on Monday this appeal will be sent out. A discovery of the magnitude of that of Col. Drake's needs something more than the mere passing notice of the people of this section of the country.—Titusville Herald.

When you have a cold you may be sure that it has been caused indirectly by constipation and consequently you must first of all take something to move the bowels. This is what has made Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup so successful and so generally demanded. It does not constipate like most of the old fashioned cough cures, but on the other hand it gently moves the bowels and at the same time heals irritation and allays inflammation of the throat. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Just a little Cascasweet is all that is necessary to give your baby when it is cross and peevish. Cascasweet contains no opiates nor harmful drugs and is highly recommended by mothers everywhere. Conforms to the National Pure Food and Drugs Law. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

The Daring Pike.

The boldness of a pike is very extraordinary. I have seen one follow a bait within a foot of the spot where I have been standing, and the head keeper of Richmond park assured me that he was once washing his hand at the side of a boat in the great pond in that park when a pike made a dart at it and he had but just time to withdraw it.

A gentleman now residing in Weybridge, in Surrey, informed me that, walking one day by the side of the river Wey near that town, he saw a large pike in a shallow creek. He immediately pulled off his coat, tucked up his shirt sleeves and went into the water to intercept the return of the fish to the river and to endeavor to throw it upon the bank by getting his hands under it.

During this attempt the pike, finding he could not make his escape seized one of the arms of the gentleman and lacerated it so much that the wound took a month to heal.—London Fishing Gazette.

He Caught O'Connell.

Daniel O'Connell, the famous orator, when taking a ride in the neighborhood of his house had occasion to ask an urchin to open a gate for him. The little fellow complied with much alacrity and looked up with such an honest pleasure at rendering the slight service that O'Connell said:

"When I see you again I'll give you sixpence."

Riding briskly on, he soon forgot the incident and fell to thinking of graver matters, when, after traveling some miles, he found his path obstructed by some fallen timber, which a boy was stoutly endeavoring to remove. On looking more closely he discovered it to be the same boy he had met in the morning.

"What!" cried he. "How do you come to be here now?"

"You said, sir, the next time you seen me you'd give me sixpence," said the little fellow, wiping the perspiration from his brow.

The Very Thing

The old gentleman poked his nose in and out of the mysterious corners of the furniture shop.

"By the way," he said suddenly, "my daughter has just started to—er—have a young man come calling, and I suppose I really ought to get a pretty sofa for them to make love on."

"Most certainly, sir!" responded the suave shopman. "And here, I think, I have the very thing you need. It is called 'Cupid's Retreat' and is specially suited for courting couples."

"Specially suited?" repeated the old gentleman. "Well, what is its particular good point?"

"Why, sir, the particular good point is this: the pretty covering you see before you is guaranteed to wear out in just one year."

"And what on earth's the use of that?" asked the old gent.

"Why, sir, because it leaves displayed a card upon which are written the words, 'Time to get married!' Neat, isn't it?"—London Answers.

Queer Virginia Oysters.

But, sure enough, did you know there were some oysters, and Virginia oysters at that, which cannot live always under sheets of water? The seaside oyster does not grow in deep water, say over ten feet, and the most and best of them grow in water so shoal that it is dry ebb half the time. These latter are the most prolific seed bearers we have, but they will die if planted in deep water or in the Chesapeake bay. The inside or bay oyster should never ebb bare to thrive best. Singular, isn't it, that the Virginia oysters, one and the same bivalves, can lead a double life, but only one phase of it at a time? The seaside fellow must be out of water a good portion of his time to thrive, while the bay and river fellow will die in summer and freeze in winter if exposed to the air.—Virginia Citizen.

The Roast.

"To judge woman by her looks is to court error," said a well known woman. "I know a man who while carving at a dinner wished to say something that would please the pale, deep eyed, spirituelle girl at his side.

"'How do you like Maeterlinck?' he at last inquired.

"'Well done,' she answered, not once lifting her eyes from the great roast he was working on."—Washington Post.

A Difficult Case.

A physician received late one evening a note from three of his fellow practitioners:

"Please step over to the club and join us at a rubber of whist."

"Emilie, dear," he said to his wife, "here I am called away again! It appears to be a difficult case—there are three other doctors on the spot already."

News.

"I want you," said the stage manager, "to play the part of a banker, and I want you to try to play it with a touch of originality."

"All right," responded Yorick Hamm, "I'll leave off the mutton chop whiskers."—Kansas City Journal.

The Difficulty.

"Could you bring yourself to live in a flat on £4 a week?"

"I could, Harold," answered the pampered yet unspoiled darling. "But I do not know just how it would suit my French maid."—London Tatler.

The Real Question.

"Where does he get his money?"

"I don't know where he gets his, and I don't care. What I am interested in is knowing just how he gets mine."—Nashville American.

Bees Laxative Cough Syrup always brings quick relief to coughs, colds, hoarseness, whooping cough and all bronchial and throat trouble. Mothers especially recommend it for children, as it is pleasant to take. It is gently laxative. Should be in every home. Guaranteed. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and O. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

A Famous Poison Mystery.

England had a famous poison mystery in the last century. Two members of a great club in Manchester, both men of position and keen politicians, each received, apparently as a New Year's gift, small boxes containing a few cigars of the very highest quality apparently. Both were taken fearfully ill after smoking, and one of them subsequently died. The cigars were found to be loaded with poison and it was said that the man who recovered only did so because he used a cigar holder. The facts were at first hushed up, because, as was said, the suspected sender, whose motive was revenge on account of a lady, was a man of wealth and power. But the subject was cleared, and the mystery was deepened by the following circumstances: A rich Manchester merchant, traveling one day in a railway car about the time of the incident related, got into conversation with a most agreeably and highly cultivated stranger, who finally offered his cigar case. The Manchester man was found at Leeds almost unconscious and the only occupant of the carriage. He grasped in one of his convulsed hands the cigar he had been smoking, and after analysis showed it to be identical with the others. He recovered, but the stranger was never discovered.

Easy Way to Be Generous.

In a church of a New England village was an old man who had all the Christian graces save one, and that was the grace of liberality. He would do anything in the world for the cause of religion but give up his money. At the close of the financial year 1868 the church found itself $400 in debt. A church meeting was called, and it was voted to circulate a subscription paper on the spot and endeavor to thus raise the sum needed. This was done, and the old gentleman did not put his name on the paper. The result was rather disheartening, $200 only having been pledged. Silence reigned for a moment, when one of the most generous men in the church moved that "we double our subscriptions." Instantly the old gentleman was on his feet and with extraordinary fervor cried, "I second the motion."

He evidently felt that he was thus doing his part in furthering a most desirable result.

Would Follow His Example.

After the battle of Prestonpans a witty Scottish farmer amused himself by writing a ballad upon it, which so stung one of the English officers, who had behaved very basely on the occasion, that he sent the poet a challenge to meet him at H. for mortal combat.

The second found the farmer busy with his hayfork and at once delivered the challenge of the redoubtable hero. The good natured farmer, turning toward him with the agricultural implement, coolly said:

"Gang awa' back to Mester Smith and tell him I hae nae time to come to H. to gie him satisfaction, but that if he likes to come here I'll tak' a look at him, and if I think I can fecht him I'll fecht him, and if I think I canna fecht him I'll just do as he did—I'll run away."

His Inspiration.

The negro brass band connected with the traveling troupe was blatting a tune in its characteristic slap-bang style in front of the theater when a dusky cornet player who had been sulking all day suddenly quit blowing and did not resume.

"Say, Mose," demanded the leader in the ensuing pause, "ain't yo' workin' any mo'?"

"Ah is w'en Ah gits de inspiration," retorted the sulky musician, throwing the whites of his eyes across at the leader.

"W'en am dat?"

"W'en Ah gits mah las' week's pay."—Kansas City Independent.

Conscientious About It.

"Mr. Glizzard," asked the caller, "are you carrying all the life insurance you can afford?"

"No," answered the man at the desk. "I can afford more, and I had expected to take out more, but from a note I got from my employer this morning I have begun to suspect that I'm carrying a good deal more than I am worth."—Chicago Tribune.

Forcing a Success.

"What is the name of your new novel?"

"'The Dungeon.' Good gloomy title, eh?"

"Yes. That name alone ought to get the book among the six best cellars."—Washington Herald.

Nothing Liberal About It.

Wilkins—I understand you are giving your son a liberal education? Hobbs—Liberal! Not a bit of it! They don't give anything away at the college where he is. I have to pay for every plaguy thing he gets.—Boston Transcript.

Thoughtfulness.

Mr. Sapleigh—I like to be different from other people.

Miss Caustique—That is very considerate of you. I dare say the other people appreciate your thoughtfulness.—Philadelphia Record.

Sarcastic.

He—Look at this infernal bill. You know I can't afford it. Now, I'm going to give you a piece of my mind. She—Are you quite sure you can afford that, papa, dear?—London Opinion.

Economy may be the road to wealth, but a large number of people will refuse to travel it until the good roads movement has made it smoother.—Washington Herald.

Kodol will, without doubt, make your stomach strong and will almost instantly relieve you of all the symptoms of indigestion. It will do this because it is made up of the natural digestive juices of the stomach so combined that it completely digests the food just as the stomach will do it, so you see Kodol can't fail to help you and help you promptly. It is sold here by L. K. Hogarth.

Won Her a Diadem.

How did the French come into Sicily? A woman did it. At a festive entertainment held at a French court Beatrice, countess of Savoy and wife of Charles of Anjou, the brother of Louis IX. of France, was removed *from the superior range of seats occupied by her two younger sisters,* the queen of France and the queen of England. Mortified by the humiliation, she returned to her apartments and burst into tears. Upon learning the cause of her chagrin and her saying that she would be able to give up her life to confine her tresses for one hour beneath a diadem Charles embraced her affectionately and said, "Set your heart at rest, countess, for before long I will make you a greater queen than either of your sisters." So he promised her. He defeated Manfred, the last of the Norman kings, and caused Conradino, the great-grandson of the Emperor Frederick, to be mercilessly slain, he himself and Beatrice witnessing the scene. Upon the death of his brother Charles became king of Naples, thus fulfilling the cherished desire of his wife for a diadem.

The Wrist and the Arm.

The real wrist, as one might say, is the elbow joint. It is all hand, practically speaking, from that point to the tips of the fingers. When you turn your wrist it is the whole forearm that makes the twist, and every movement of the fingers is controlled by the muscles of the forearm. The power to turn the wrist to and fro at the elbow joint is possessed only by human beings and monkeys, and even the higher apes are not able to do the trick nearly as well as we can. In this movement the great biceps muscle in the upper arm is importantly concerned, its powerful action in turning the forearm outward being accountable for the fact that we are able to put so much more strength into a twist in that direction than the opposite way. Many of our most familiar tools indeed, such as the screwdriver, are made with reference to the anatomical peculiarity in question. It is for this reason and no other that all screws turn to the right.

Reed and Strout.

Thomas B. Reed served in the navy during the civil war, and in 1865 he returned to Portland to practice law. One of the strongest men at the Portland bar at the time was A. A. Strout. Before beginning the trial of a suit it was Strout's habit to inquire of every juror as to the state of his health and impress each with the idea that the lawyer was solicitous of that juror's personal welfare. Reed and Strout were constantly antagonizing each other, though they were very good friends. In nearly every case of importance Strout and Reed were on opposite sides. It was annoying indeed for the suave Strout to hear Reed drawl out before the opening of a case:

"Well, your honor, Brother Strout having finished his morning task of shaking hands with the jury, we may now, I hope, proceed with the business of the court."

Hard to Decide.

Smithers—I am going to have my picture taken. A good deal depends upon the pose, don't you know. Now, what kind of a position do you think would be the best for me? Brownrig—Well, I don't know. I was going to say with your back to the camera, but then your hair is rather thin behind.—Boston Transcript.

Truthful Cholly.

"Cholly, have you ever loved before?"

"My dear girl, I will be honest with you—I have been engaged so many times that my ex-fiancees have perfected an organization and adopted a yell."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Must Have Been a Prize.

"But how could you tell, darling, that I had never proposed to any other girl?"

"Because you were not married," she murmured rapturously and admiringly.—Judge.

PROSPERITY!

The Man who looks ahead.

No man ever saw prosperity ahead of him except through a bank account.

The man who succeeds is the man who looks ahead and plans for the future. He realizes that money is absolutely essential if he intends to be of use in the world. A small sum will open a bank account. A bank account establishes credit. Good credit opens the way to all things prosperous. Open an account with the Grange National Bank to-day and lay the foundation for a fortune.

Grange National Bank of McKean County.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes. Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's ICE CREAM AND SODA WATER.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday Sept. 3, 1908.

Republican Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT
WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT
of Ohio

FOR VICE PRESIDENT
JAMES S. SHERMAN
of New York

FOR JUDGE OF SUPERIOR COURT
WILLIAM D. PORTER
of Pittsburg

FOR CONGRESS
CAPT. C. F. BARCLAY
of Sennemahoning

FOR SENATOR
FRANK E. BALDWIN
of Austin

FOR ASSEMBLY
HON. ROBERT P. HABGOOD
of Bradford
HON. JAMES A. McKEAN
of Smethport

FOR SHERIFF
WILLIAM H. MORRISON
of Smethport

FOR PROTHONOTARY
BENJ. F. STARSKY
of Smethport

FOR [illegible]
[illegible] M. CHOATE
of Smethport

FOR REGISTER OF WILLS
JOHN E. EASTMAN
of Smethport

FOR CLERK OF THE COURTS, &C.
FRANK R. FOSTER
of Smethport

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY
GUY B. MAYO
of Smethport

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS
A. M. MARSH
of Bradford
JOHN A. PETERSON
of Bradford

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS
A. S. ALLEN
of Smethport
ALBERT R. ANDERSON
of [illegible]

The "soul mate" of Ferdinand Pinney Earle [illegible] for a separation, on the grounds of cruelty, and they have only been married a short time.

Mr. Bryan's managers are making a desperate play to get the negro vote for the Peerless Boy Orator of the Platte. However, the negro will be slow to vote with the party that has so long denied them that privilege in the South.

Sixty members of the American Olympic team visited President Roosevelt at his residence on Sagamore Hill on Monday. The President and family entertained these athletes most royally, showing great interest in the victories they had won.

It might be a good idea for the Southern negro to profess his intention to vote the Democratic ticket in such Southern States as have the secret ballot. In such event he might be allowed to go to the polls and cast his ballot unmolested, a thing he has never been allowed to do since given the right of franchise.

Vermont held its election on Tuesday and elected the whole Republican ticket by a wholesome majority. The head of the ticket carried the state by 29,000. Both houses in the state legislature will have a good sized Republican majority who will elect a Republican United States Senator, and the number of Republican congressmen will not be decreased.

The mystery surrounding the shooting of Charles B. Roberts at Atlantic City on Wednesday night while he and Mrs. W. S. G. Williams were riding together in a roller chair is not easily disposed of. The holdup man story is discredited by the police, who are inclined to believe that there were other motives than robbery. Mr. Roberts is still in a serious condition.

A press dispatch from Tokio says: Determined to outdo every other country in its welcome to the American fleet when it steams into the harbor on October 17, the government has decided to send the entire Japanese navy, in battle array, to act as an escort for the sixteen American ships. Unable at first to agree on how many ships to include in the welcoming escort, the government finally solved the question by deciding that every available battleship, cruiser and auxiliary vessel take part in the spectacle, intended to be the most imposing ever seen in the Orient. Japan will utilize the occasion by a series of naval maneuvers before the arrival of Uncle Sam's fleet. The first reserves squadron has been commissioned to entertain the visiting fleet during the secondary series of maneuvers. No hint of resentment is heard at the anti-Japanese feeling which was manifested on the American fleet's tour of Australian ports. The rapid development of the sentiment that the Pacific "must be a white man's ocean" undoubtedly prompted Japan in deciding to make the greatest display in her history for the benefit of the Americans. She hopes by this exhibition of greatness on the sea to show all other powers that the island kingdom must be reckoned with when the destinies of the Pacific are being considered.

When such a prominent man as Franklin MacVeagh of Chicago leaves the Democratic ranks and comes out for Taft it shows pretty clearly that the Republican nominee is the right man for the Presidency. Among other pointed remarks, he said: "I am for Taft in particular because he will carry forward what Roosevelt has begun and because I believe he will be another epoch-making President. Bryan, though able and honest, lacks political judgment and common sense and would be extremely uncertain and unsafe. The Democratic party, though now superficially unified, cannot possibly be really so, and will, for years to come, be unable to consistently and usefully back any policies. Therefore, the only party to belong to is the Republican, if what you really care for is political, social and economic progress."

The safe and sane political campaign seems to be growing more popular every year, and it is well that it is so. Instead of following the band and torchlight procession the people prefer to quietly study out the conditions and make their selections for whom they will vote in a calm, sensible, businesslike way. The voter who takes this sensible method of selecting his choice will make few if any mistakes, if he does not place too much dependence on promises. Promises are all right in their way, but they do not weigh very heavily after election. Compared with past acts and deeds they are as light as feathers in a balance with pure gold. When you are weighing out your choice between Presidential candidates don't forget this—weigh well the past active record of Mr. Taft with the verbal promise record of Mr. Bryan. The same rule will apply to the other candidates for the other offices.

Moral Suasion.

In the [illegible] of temperance reform for which I am striving, I desire to enlist all believers in moral suasion. The man who wants to drink will persistently try to do so under the best of laws. License, [illegible], local option, and even prohibition, cannot change his heart. The [illegible] of his heart, at times when the fire of liquor is not fresh in his veins, may be reached. So God's blessing is upon the friend who speaks to him the words of warning; upon the newspaper writer whose clean-cut words enlighten us to the fate of others who have trodden the path he treads until they formed seventy five per cent of all criminals and eighty per cent of all paupers; upon the preacher who tells him of the woe to the man who puts the bottle to his neighbor's lips and of the heaven to which [illegible]; and upon the temperance society which takes him to their fold. Yes, God's blessing is upon the patient, the long-suffering wife who pleads with the drunkard for the sake of her helpless children whose destitution raises a silent but forceful appeal as long as any tenderness remains in his heart. That is moral suasion! How anyone can resist it is a mystery. Yet all of us know that the appeal of reason, patriotism, friendship, religion, pity and love itself falls on deaf ears when alcohol has fully ensnared its victim.

When, however, a man is rescued from drink, he is worth all the efforts that have been made. His life is useful, his home made happy and his soul saved for eternity as a result of moral suasion.

The sad part of it is that the churches, temperance societies, ministers and priests are far outnumbered by the saloons and saloonists. That the saloon is open and the beer wagon runs six days and the churches only parts of two days the week. Immoral suasion is proceeding faster than moral suasion! Maybe your boy and mine will be drafted into the army of saloon victims! Other boys, quite as innocent and quite as beloved by their fathers, have been taken; why not ours?

So, while the rescue and reform work goes on, I want you all to join in every effort to destroy liquor traffic. Let the younger generation have a chance to grow up without the temptations which beset the paths of their fathers. When we have started a man on the path of respectability and righteousness, let us also remove the pitfalls out of his way.

If you send me to the State Senate in November, I'll be your servant, loyally to do everything that the best interests of our district and the welfare of the State require. I am supported by no other interests, and shall serve no private or corporate masters. I have had experience in every branch of business extensively carried on in the three counties. I have made my home among the working people of Kushequa. I know their feelings and their needs; and can hear the voice of the laborer as clearly as that of the capitalist.

One thing I desire each voter to know in advance; and that is that I intend to use every honest effort to secure complete and effective prohibition of the liquor traffic. I can be counted on to vote for local option. But I must not be expected to rest contented with that. I'll try for local prohibition. And, if a general prohibitory law, or a constitutional amendment submission can be brought out, I'll vote for that too. I'm so thankful to God because, as yet, my home is free from drink that I want every home to be equally free. To that end, I'll fight the liquor traffic as long as I live. I can do this more efficiently in the State Senate. Let me try during the coming term.

ELISHA KENT KANE,
For Senator 25th District.

Reader: If interested, clip the above. It will not be republished.

A large number of young people go away to school each year. To those who are considering the question of a school, we desire to call their attention to the Lock Haven State Normal School. This institution has a fine reputation for doing excellent work. It is modern and up-to-date. It is in a prosperous condition. The Fall term begins Sept. 7th. Write for catalogue.

ManZan Pile Remedy comes ready to use with nozzle attached. Soothes, heals reduces itching and inflammation. An operation for piles will not be necessary if you use ManZan. Price 50c. Money refunded if not satisfied. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Hands cracked and bruised from husking, skin diseases, tan freckles, cuts relieved at once with Pinesalve Carbolized (acts like a poultice). Draws out inflammation. Price 25c. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve is recommended as the best thing to use for piles. It is, of course, good for anything where a salve is needed. Beware of imitations. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

The State offers free tuition to prospective teachers at Edinboro Normal. Fall term begins Sept. 8th, 1908. Catalogue free. John F. Bigler, Prin.

For Sale.

A quantity of sidewalk lumber. For particulars inquire of

JAMES QUIRK.

DeWitt's Little Early Early Risers are small pills, easy to take, gentle and sure. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Subscribe for the Miner.

1,200,000 Feet of Standing Timber For Only $7,000.

We offer for sale 1,200,000 feet of standing timber, one-half white pine and one-half yellow, [illegible] feet of [illegible] and white oak with some scattering maple, hickory and [illegible] [illegible] and white oak [illegible]. This timber is all second growth, but is thrifty and fine. Some is more than 24 inches through and estimated down to 6 inches. This timber stands on 100 acres of land and there is six year's time in which to cut it. This tract is located one and one half miles from Driftwood, Pa., and the Pennsylvania Railroad runs through one corner of it. All of the timber is within three-fourths mile of the railroad and the hauling conditions are good. There is a switch at Huntley, one and one-half miles from the timber and at Driftwood, one and one half miles from the timber. In all there is [illegible] We offer this property for $7,000. One half cash, [illegible]

HERRICK AGENCY,
Bolivar, N. Y.

We Bring Buyer and Seller Together.

Notice to Merchants.

We are manufacturers of Canvas and Canton Flannel Gloves of all weights. Plain band top; knit wrist; gauntlet or Cadet, &c. When in need write us telling what you want and we will either call on you or send you samples with prices that we know will please you. Our Gloves are good and large when so ordered. We sell at Wholesale only. Kindly remember us when in need and patronize Home Industry.

Barbour & Barbour,
NEWERF, McKean Co., PA.

I will pick up all of your empty barrels every Monday and pay cash. Save them for me.

I want to clear out what Hemlock and Hardwood Lumber I have and will sell cheap for cash. Have all sizes. I have some nice fence post for sale.

C. H. GLEASON.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Lycoming County.

In the matter of the dissolution of the Castle Brook Carbon Black Company.	No. 397 September Term, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that the Castle Brook Carbon Black Company filed its petition in the Court of Common Pleas of Lycoming County on August 17th, 1908, praying for a decree of dissolution, and that the Court has fixed September 21st, 1908, at 10 o'clock a. m. for hearing said application for dissolution, when and where all persons interested can attend, if they deem expedient, and show cause against the granting of the prayer of said petition.

[illegible]

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT. PENNA.

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits,	$295,000.00
Resources about	$900,000.00

This Bank

Conducts a General Banking business.
Pays interest on time deposits.
Acts as trustee, transfer agent, administrator, executor or guardian of estates.
Issues drafts payable at all parts of the world.
Solicits your business; no account too small, no transaction too large.

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN, ORLO J. HAMLIN, RALPH E. BURDICK, FRED D. GALLUP, JOHN FORBES, JAMES A. McKEAN, J. C. D. COMES, CHARLES McKEAN, H. H. REDFIELD

Sole Agents for
Tharnton & Chester's Best Flour

Oscar Engstrom.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR
Main St. - Smethport.

White Diamond Flour

It makes Good Bread. Try it and be Convinced.

J. Colegrove,
Grocer,
Smethport, Pa.

ManZan Reaches the spot. Stops pain. The Great Pile Remedy. Put up in tubes with nozzle [illegible]

SCHOOL BOYS' SUIT SALE.

During the week preceding the opening of school and the week following we will hold a Special Sale of School Clothing. Boys' School Suits, extra Pants, Caps, Shirts, Waists, Etc., all will be sold at cut prices. This sale will be for the benefit of the school boys.

$6.50 Boys' Suits, cut price sale - - -	$5.00
6.00 " " " " " - -	4.50
5.00 " " " " " - -	3.75
1.25 Knickerbocker Pants, all sizes -	1.00
1.00 " " " " - -	.75
.75 " " " " - -	.60
.50 Plain " " " - -	.39
.40 " " " " - -	.25

We have 50 Men's Suits, strictly all wool, prices $10 to $15, will go at $5.00.

Remember the goods were not marked up.

Respectfully,
H. W. RUBIN
The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

A 6¾ lb. field gun, light, strong, hard hitting, true, that's the *Marlin* Model 16 Repeating Shotgun, the best 16 gauge repeating gun ever manufactured.

For quail and pheasant shooting, woodcock, squirrels, rabbits and other field game you'll find the *Marlin* Model 16 without a [illegible]

Equipped, like the famous *Marlin* Model 19, with the *Marlin* solid-top, and the *Marlin* closed-in breech bolt, which shuts out the sand, rain, sleet and snow from the action, having the *Marlin* side ejection and the beautiful *Marlin* balance, this gun is a standard in construction, assembled and quick response to the touch of the trigger. Have your dealer show it.

There's a full description of all *Marlin* repeaters, rifles and shot-guns, and lots of valuable information for all sportsmen in the "*Marlin* Book" just issued, 136 pages with a handsome art cover. It's FREE for 3 stamps postage.

The Marlin Firearms Co.
42 Willow St. New Haven, Conn.

ANDORFER & LYLE
Groceries.

Headquarters for	Just Received
FRUITS & GREEN GOODS	shipment of
in Season.	NEW CELERY.

Our Prices are Right
Consistent with Quality of Goods

ANDORFER & LYLE

STATIONERY

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family recipes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

McCoy's Drug Store

IF IT'S
Drugs, Druggist Sundries, Stationery, Books, Candy or Cigars you are looking for
We can supply you.

McCoy's Drug Store

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St **W. H. Hungerford,** SMETHPORT

BURDICK & SARTWELL
PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

Sano's
37 MAIN ST.
BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store,
Bell Phone 250 Union Phone 492

Notice of Administration.

In the matter of the estate of John Shearer, deceased.

Letters of Administration having been duly granted by the Register of Wills upon the estate of the said John Shearer, late of Hamilton Township, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, to Joseph Shearer, residing at Warren in the County of Warren and State aforesaid, to whom all persons who are indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay, to

JOSEPH SHEARER, Administrator
Warren, Pa., R. F. D. No. 4.
[illegible]

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the undersigned was on the 6th day of July, 1908, granted letters of administration of the estate of Patrick Bacon, deceased, late of the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania. All persons having claims or demands against said estate will make same known to me without delay, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make prompt payment.

DANIEL BACON, Administrator
DuBois, Pa., July 13th, 1908.

The Lindholm Co.

SHOE CLEARANCE

Our Annual Sale of Women's and Children's Oxfords starts SATURDAY, SEPT. 5th, and lasts until lines are closed.

This is an exceptional chance to finish out the season with neat, well-fitting shoes and, too, at a very moderate cost, or to anticipate early spring needs in the shoe line.

A special line comprising Queen Quality, Maloney and Clarice Oxfords, nearly all $3.50 shoes, closing at..........2.25

The Dorris line were $2.50, closing at..........1.48

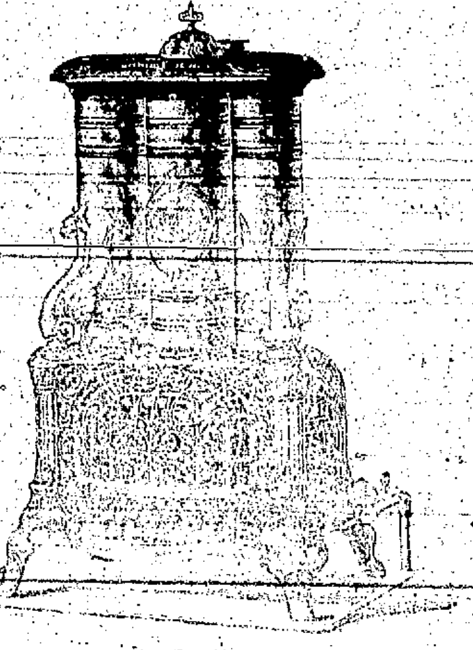
These are all new, stylish shoes and in Patent and Plain Leathers, Tans and Browns. We are also including all Children's Oxfords and Sandals at a proportionate reduction. One line of Ladies' Shoes to be closed out entirely.

$4.00 shoes closing at..........2.98

$3.00 and $3.50 shoes closing at..........2.48

While in look at the new Patrician shoes for fall and winter. Some novel lasts.

The Lindholm Company.



Call and See our Large Line of Good Heaters

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 3, [illegible]

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—A big sale of shoes is being held by the Lindholm Co. See advertisement.

—You simply cannot afford to miss the McKean County Fair and Races this year.

—Attend the dance at the Lyceum Saturday night if you wish to enjoy a good time.

—The skating rink in the Backus building will be opened on Thursday of next week.

—Mrs. R. E. Burdick and Mrs. O. J. Hamlin entertained the Picnic club at Frog Camp Tuesday.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rice at their home on Mill street, on Monday, August 24, a girl.

—Miss Hester Kerr entertained a number of friends at her home on Monday, in honor of her eighth birthday.

—Large crowds attend the dance at the Lyceum every Saturday night, and every one seems to have a good time.

—The Epworth League of the M. E. church will hold a candy sale at Colegrove's store Saturday afternoon and evening.

—P. C. Mohen was choked to death by a piece of beefsteak while at his breakfast in the St. James hotel in Du-Bois last Thursday.

—On next Sunday, Sept. 6th, the services at St. Luke's will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. The Rev. Joseph P. Gibson will officiate.

—Get ready for the McKean County Fair and Races. Remember they start one week from next Tuesday and there is four days of good sport in store for you.

—I. Odesser is going to leave East Smethport in the near future and is offering some great bargains out of his stock. See advertisement in another column.

—Don't fail to see George D. Mackey in the four act comedy drama, "The Boy With the Boodle," at the Lyceum to-night. Prices 25, 35 and 50 cents. No higher.

—The Roulette Glass company of Roulette has been declared bankrupt by United States Marshal J. W. Snyder, who visited Roulette last Tuesday. The proceeding was a surprise to most people but it may be the means of straightening out the concerns of the company. Some business men of Roulette wish to [illegible] the plant.

—V. P. Hackett has put in a new cement walk on Main street in front of the property occupied by the editor. It [illegible] and reflects credit upon the work of Mr. Hackett.

—An automobile driven by F. D. Shay of Coudersport turned turtle near Roulette on Monday of week last and Mr. Shay was quite painfully injured. The other occupants escaped with slight bruises.

—The dance given by the Lemon Club last Thursday evening at the Lyceum was another decided success. The excellent music by Chadwick's orchestra and delicious refreshments added much to the enjoyment of the occasion.

—Thomas Riley of Clarion street, whose wife paid a fine for him in police court yesterday morning, was rearrested last night on a warrant charging surety of the peace. He was taken to Smethport at noon, says last night's Star.

—The Smethport merchants who have been closing their stores at 6:15 during the past two months held a meeting on Tuesday and decided to continue the early closing through the month of September, with the exception of fair week.

—Season tickets for the McKean County Fair and Races are now on sale at Hilton's office, Backus Novelty Works, on Water street, the Wright House and Imperial Hotel. Don't fail to get your tickets early and thus encourage the fair managers.

—Owing to the fact that the cement mixer has been broken down for several days past, progress in that line of the paving has been practically at a standstill. However, the work of putting in tile, curbing and grading is progressing in a very satisfactory manner.

—We learn from the Kane Republican that a German forester has purchased 250 acres of cut-over land in Highland township, Elk county, on which he will replant chestnut timber. This is a step in the right direction and should be encouraged in every way possible.

—To-night at the Lyceum George D. Mackey will appear in the four act comedy drama, "The Boy with the Boodle." The company arrived in Smethport this morning and the entire scenery for the four acts is carried for the purpose. Prices 25, 35 and 50. See him to-night, "The Boy with the Boodle."

—Owing to the crowded condition in the first grade of the public schools one-half of those beginning school this fall will be dismissed at 10:30 in the morning, while the other half will be dismissed at 2:30 in the afternoon. In this way the beginners will obtain better instruction than they would if they staid [illegible] during the entire session.

—Elisha Kent Kane appeared at the Honeoye Temperance Assembly, Shingle House, last Friday hobbling with a cane. A sprained foot contracted while on a visit to Potter county a week ago has laid him up for several days. But he succeeded in stirring up a good deal of interest in his Senatorial canvass in spite of his handicap.

—On Saturday last Mrs. J. C. Broneman gave a party at the County Home for Mrs. Mary Curtis in honor of her 91st birthday, which was attended by a number of her friends in this vicinity. Mrs. Curtis is a daughter of the late Hon. Joseph Otto and one of the oldest settlers of McKean county. She is an extremely bright and entertaining old lady and the afternoon was very pleasantly spent by all.

—Miss Sarah A. Scull of this borough has written a letter to the directors of the Smethport schools in which she offers to donate a part of her library to the schools. The offer of this estimable lady will in all probability be accepted, for while the books she proposes to donate will not be of much interest to the ordinary reader, they will be extremely valuable to the faculty and perhaps to some of the scholars.

—An object lesson in the evolution of railroad bridge replacement was given on the Philadelphia division of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, when the old bridge across Chester creek was pulled out and a new double-track steel bridge 150 feet long was slid into position in just three-and-a half minutes without a hitch, breaking the time record on this system and believed to be the quickest work of the kind ever done anywhere. There was no interruption to traffic.

—The Smethport Schools opened on Monday with a large attendance and bright prospects for a progressive year. The faculty is composed of T. T. Allen, A. B., principal; Carrie A. Day, Emma M. Tratton and Mabel E. Todd, assistants; Rose Allen, 8th and drawing; Grace V. Cunningham, 8th and [illegible]; Mary Richards, 7th and 6; Mabel R. Foote, [illegible]; Agnes M. Barry, [illegible]; Anna K. Barry, 3d and 2d; [illegible] tord, 1st.

—The catalogues of the Hamlin Library and Smethport Borough Schools are now ready for public distribution. Each family in the school district is entitled to a copy of the same. These may be procured by calling at the library in person or a pupil may obtain a [illegible] and take it home. [illegible] will be given the pupil. The library is open on Thursdays [illegible] and on Saturdays from 3 to 5 p. m.

—At argument court yesterday John [illegible] charged with [illegible] funds of the [illegible] of [illegible] was sentenced to pay a fine of [illegible] and be imprisoned in the Western penitentiary for a period of two years. John W. Buchanan, who was caught in the act of robbing the [illegible] store at Bradford some weeks ago, pleaded guilty to the charge of burglary and was sentenced to the Western penitentiary for four years [illegible].

—Beatrice [illegible], [illegible] daughter of Fred [illegible], was fatally burned at West Flats, Chautauqua county, N. Y., Tuesday afternoon. The child secured a supply of matches. She was playing beside the railroad track, which passes near the residence of the Brewers. She ignited matches it is supposed and thus set fire to her clothing. A brakeman on a passing freight train was attracted to her. The man, whose name was not learned, jumped from the train and wrapping his coat about the child, extinguished the flames. The child died at 8:30 last evening.

—On Tuesday C. G. Mesler of Kane was arrested and brought to Smethport on a charge of assault and battery, preferred by Dante Eacobs, an Italian tailor, who has a shop in the McNulty building, and was given a hearing before Justice Gleason. After the evidence was in Justice Gleason decided that it was a case for the higher court to decide and therefore held Charles to bail in the sum of $100. However, Mesler and Eacobs got together a little later and amicably settled the case. We understand that as a panacea for a black eye which adorns Eacobs, Mr. Mesler will make him a large crayon portrait free of charge.

—Joseph Kane died at the County Home after a lingering illness. Mr. Kane had been an inmate of that place ever since the Home was founded. Previous to that time he had been a section boss on the Pennsylvania railroad and made his home near Larabee. He was upwards of 75 years of age and had no near relatives in this section. During his stay at the Home he became a firm friend of E. W. Jones and after life had left his body Mr. Jones took charge of his remains and paid his funeral expenses. The funeral was held from St. Elizabeth's church on Tuesday morning and the remains were laid at rest in St. Elizabeth's cemetery.

—Dr. J. C. Brown and family will leave the latter part of this week or the first of next for Williamsport, where he will enter into the duties of his profession, making a specialty of troubles of the ear, nose and throat. Dr. Brown has been an active and successful practitioner of medicine in this borough for the past twenty years. During the past few years Dr. Brown has been making a specialty of the ear, nose and throat and has been meeting with decided success, but the field was so limited that he decided to go to a larger place. Dr. Brown and his estimable family have a host of friends who will regret to learn that they are to leave our midst and who wish them success and happiness in their new home.

Personal Mention.

Ross Colegrove spent Sunday at Mina, visiting friends.

Miss Sylvia Lawrence returned Monday from a three weeks' vacation.

Lee Stark of Derrick City visited his aunt, Mrs. C. E. Milroy, over Sunday.

Fritz Block of Hazelhurst was a welcomed caller at this office on Friday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Powell returned home Monday from their honeymoon trip.

C. M. Slack of Eldred was a pleasant caller at this office last Friday afternoon.

C. H. Gleason and daughter, Helen, spent Sunday with friends in Ceres, N. Y.

Dr. Harry M. Harris of Buffalo, spent last Sunday at the home of the Rev. W. A. Harris.

David Goodino of Washington, D. C., is visiting at the home of Enos Carr on Bank street.

Miss Ora Campbell returned home Saturday from a visit with her sister at Sharpsville, Pa.

Mrs. Harry Marks of Cambridge, N. J., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Dickenson.

Mrs. F. H. Hungiville attended the house party of Mrs. George Barbour of Newerf last week.

Miss Olive Pendleton of Buffalo was the guest of Miss Hazel Colegrove the forepart of the week.

Mrs. F. C. Pierce returned Tuesday from Buffalo where she has been for the past three weeks.

Miss Adah Latta of Friendship, N. Y., has been the guest of Miss Orra Gleason for the past week.

Mrs. Harry L. Backus returned home Saturday from a two weeks' visit with her parents in [illegible].

Mrs. A. H. Pierce, Jr., returned Saturday from Hornell, N. Y., where she had been attending the fair.

Wilfred M. Wilson of Ithaca, N. Y., an instructor at Cornell, was the guest of A. J. Gilfillan over Sunday.

William Kreager of Friendship, N. Y., was renewing old acquaintances in town the fore part of the week.

Messrs. Raymond Abbey and Carl Corwin are in Kane, doing repair work on some of the pinsetters in that place.

Mrs. F. M. Spencer and three children of North Girard, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Haffner.

[illegible] Mills of [illegible], N. Y., and Arthur Westlake of Bedford, Mass., visited their uncle, C. E. Milroy, over Sunday.

Comrades H. M. Choate, S. G. Bush and W. H. Pelton are in Toledo this week attending the National G. A. R. reunion.

Miss Eudine Foster returned to her home in this place Saturday after an extended visit with friends in Pittsburg and [illegible].

Mrs. George Barbour and Misses [illegible] and Blanche McBride of Newerf attended the Lemon Club dance last Thursday evening.

Walter A. Metcalf, who has been spending the summer vacation on Keuka Lake, N. Y., has returned to take up his school work again.

C. H. Burlingame left Tuesday afternoon for St. Thomas and New London, Canada, in the interest of the Canadian Backus Pin Setter Company.

Howard Acker returned Saturday from Franklinville, N. Y., where he had been visiting several days, the guest of Miss Mayme Wilcox.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Cody of Buchanan, W. Va., and Mrs. Guy M. Ruff of Los Angeles, Cal., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Isherwood on Monday.

Miss Martha Pollard of Medina, N. Y., who has been spending a couple of weeks with the Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Harris, returned to her home on Wednesday of this week.

A few students can yet be accommodated in the dormitories of the Lock Haven State Normal School for the Fall term beginning Sept. 7th. The school is usually filled during the entire year, hence the number of rooms are limited. You will make no mistake if you select this thoroughly established school. Address the Principal for a catalogue.

Wm. MONHEIMER'S

MOTHERS

ARE YOU GOING TO WAIT UNTIL

A REAL BARGAIN IN

School Suits

is gone and the best patterns are sold before you buy? 'Tis worth while to come a long ways to dress up your boy in a good wearing stylish suit at A SAVING of from $1.00 to $8.00 on a suit.

SCHOOL SUITS AT

$3.00 and $3.50, $4.00 and $4.50,
$5.00 and $5.50, $6.50 and $7.50.

$2.25, $3.00, $3.50, $4.50.

Single Pants, Blouses, Caps and Shoes
At BARGAIN PRICES, too.

WM. MONHEIMER.

Home Journal Patterns Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

A BASKET SALE.

Early in the year we took advantage of a very favorable opportunity presented and purchased a fine lot of Baskets for the Holiday trade. They're here now, considerably ahead of time, so we've placed them on sale at once.

We've priced them so reasonably that you'll find it profitable to supply your basket needs now. Better lay by a few for Christmas presents too. Later on the assortments won't be so complete—there is about 150 to pick from now. We saved 15 per cent. on this purchase and we are passing it on to you.

From the little Candy Basket at 5c to the large Hamper at 35c the line is replete with gay and dainty colorings and exquisite workmanship. Come and see them.

Candy Baskets, Scrap Baskets, Sewing Baskets, Hampers, etc.

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
SMETHPORT PENN'A.

THE CASH GROCERY

I have everything in the Grocery Line that you need, and my prices are right. Give me a trial and be convinced.

I have just received a supply of nice Olives. We also handle Olives in the bulk, which are just the the thing to take when you go for an outing.

Now is the time that moths are working on your winter clothes. If you find this so try Hygeno. It is also good to keep away ants, and the best thing in market to keep flies off cattle. In fact, Hygeno can't be beat for a disinfectant and to keep away vermin.

G. W. BRENNAN,

THE CASH GROCER.

CLOSING OUT SALE.

As I am about to close out my business I offer great reductions for the next few days. Everything goes at great reductions.

TINWARE,
GLASSWARE,
DISHES,
BEDSTEADS,
BEDSPRINGS,
MATTRASSES,

and every article in my store must be sold at once regardless of price. Call and see me.

I. ODESSER,

East Smethport, - Pa.

HIGH TIME.

By CONSTANCE D'ARCY MACKAY.

Copyrighted, 1906, by Associated Literary Press.

"Then I suppose it's no use to argue?"

"Not the slightest. When a Millard makes up her mind it stays made up and I made up my mind yesterday, Bobbie."

"You mean your Aunt Isabel made it up for you," Robert Ashton answered, looking at Katherine Millard as she perched beside him in the bow of the boat. The wind blew her hair into distracting ripples. She put back a strand of it as she faced him, replying:

"She did have a good deal to do with it, I'll admit. But, after all, she has lived much longer in this world than I have and has gained more wisdom."

"Yes, worldly wisdom."

"Isn't that often another name for common sense? Besides, there are moments when I feel that she knows me better than I know myself. I do love the et ceteras of life so, Bobby! Love in a Harlem flat would never do for me. I want all the pate de fois gras of existence and none of the rye bread. And you know from the first I've never given you the least cause for hope. I've always been perfectly frank with you, haven't I?"

"Always."

"Then I can't see why you should protest so much."

"Well, for one reason I hate to see you flinging yourself away on old Senator Rathbone."

"Thank you!"

"And, for another, what man gives up the girl he loves without a struggle? It isn't human nature to forego a thing simply because it's beyond your reach. And then there's a third reason. We could be so gloriously happy!"

The girl averted her eyes.

"Couldn't we?" he persisted.

"I don't know"— she faltered.

"Ah, but you do know! You know we're one in everything. That's why I dare to persist so much. We like the same things. We like the same people. We have the same sense of humor except in the case of Senator Rathbone!"

"Bobbie, if you make fun of my friend I won't take you sailing again."

"But, Katherine"—

"Now, Bobbie!" For a second time she faced him squarely. "I've told you my mind's made up, and I mean what I say. You've been a good friend to me, and I've enjoyed the times we've had together. But if we're to be good friends still this kind of thing can't keep going on. Don't you see how hard you are making it for me? Either you must promise me not to mention it again or I'll have to give up seeing you entirely."

"All right," he replied, with that characteristic boyishness that women always found so adorable in him. "I'll be good."

He nodded at her smilingly, and she told herself that, after all, he was only a boy with a boy's ardor—twenty-five and not yet grown up! But that was because she was looking at his smile and not at what lay in his eyes.

She let out the main sheet of the White Lady until the spray dashed across the bows of the trim little craft. It was a gray day with a hint of rain in the air and the sea gulls hovering inland—such a day as sends the usual summer resorter to a cozy chair by flickering logs with a novel close at hand and the fisher folk out to open sea with the promise of a heavy catch.

Between gray green water and slate gray sky the White Lady seemed the only thing afloat as she skimmed and tacked and lifted on the crest of the waves. They were racing to windward now, and the homes of the shore dwellers faded in the distance. Here and there stood the solitary houses of fishermen; then these, too, became fewer.

The shore rose to bare, rocky headlands capped with stunted pines—gaunt, jagged rocks with the water creaming at their base. Islands rose, mere specks in the distance, only discernible because of the surf that played about them or the dwelling or two that reclaimed them from utter loneliness. The White Lady throbbed and flew, so tense, so alive, so seemingly a part of the elements that it was hard to believe her a thing of wood and canvas.

"Look out!" sang Ashton as the boat came suddenly about. "That was a pretty close shave."

"Who sails with me holds life in fee," laughed Katherine, intoxicated with wave and wind and foam.

"There is such a thing as common sense," quoted Ashton.

But the wine of the sea was in Katherine's blood. She rounded another flat rock triumphantly.

"Careful!" cautioned Ashton.

"Afraid?" she taunted, with uplifted chin, and then laughed as scarlet surged across his keen young face.

"Sail where you like! I don't care!" he cried.

"You think," she scoffed recklessly, "that just because I'm a girl I can't manage my own boat. Why, rounding these rocks is a perfect game for me! I've done it lots of times. Of course I know the summer people are warned against it. But I'm not a summer person at heart. I'm what Captain Davy calls a regular salt, and I allow no mutiny on the part of my crew. So there! And whoever accepts my invitation to sail accepts the risks that accompany it. Sing ho, sing ho, for a sailor's life, sing ho, sing ho, for a"—

They both knew what had happened when the boat jarred from bow to stern, knew it before the bitter sea water dashed in their faces as they struggled toward a flat rock that uprose from the sea. When they reached it it was the girl who spoke first.

"Well?" she said gamely, and then beneath her breath, "If I had had sense enough to obey!"

"If I had only jerked the tiller from you!" he said in answer. But neither of them spoke what was uppermost in their minds.

No hope to try for the shore, with its steep cliffs where the water roiled and eddied, and the rock on which they stood was always covered at high tide. Already the water oozed and gurgled about its crevices. With every wave it rose a fraction higher. The tide was coming in.

"If only some one would see us," whispered the girl, "some passing boat or"— The words died in her throat. The lonely expanse of water showed no hopeful sail. Ashton was staring at a speck that showed in the far distance—Deerhaven island. When he spoke all the boyishness was gone from his voice.

"There's only one way, Katherine. Would you rather I tried for it, or shall we stay here together?"

"I'd rather you tried for it," she said bravely, seeing as well as he that there was not a moment to lose.

"You can watch my coat and shoes till I come back." His voice rang cheerfully. "I'm in splendid practice; swam a couple of miles only the day before yesterday." He did not add that Captain Davy had followed with a dory. "Keep up your heart, girl!" he cried, with a touch of his old gayety.

"And you"— She would have cheered him on, but words failed her.

"I'll remember that it's for you I'm swimming. The biggest breakers in the world won't make me forget that."

He waved her goodby as if he were off for a pleasure jaunt, and she watched him as he struck out squarely, making every stroke count.

The long swing of the seas rolled between them, widening the space until her straining eyes could discover him no longer. The water lapped and gurgled about the rock on which she stood, rising ever higher. There was something hungry in the way the little waves crept up, reaching greedily. She tried to think of other things, to watch for a sail. From far away came the sound of surf breaking slowly against the reefs and now and again the mournful, lonely note of the bell buoy.

Slowly the water rose. It touched her ankles, her knees. The lift of each oncoming wave nearly took her off her feet. At that new panic seized her. If she were swept from the rock, what then? Gropingly and numb with cold she reached for the long growths of seaweed with which the rock was covered. Lengthened out, they came almost to her shoulders. She twisted her hands in them and waited.

There came the moment when the water reached her shoulders, and each new wave made her shut her eyes and breathe gaspingly. She had long since given up hope of rescue. There remained but one thought—that whatever came she must stay where they would find her.

After all, drowning was not so hard. After the first deep strangling breath she felt herself slipping into unconsciousness. Snatches of past events, trivial and vivid, shone before her for a moment, then all merged into the blackness that closed her round.

When she opened her eyes she met the anxious gaze of Ashton bending over her. She wondered dimly if he belonged to the old life, and then his voice, perturbed and human, came to her as from a great distance.

"A moment more," he was saying, "and we would have been too late."

Then with a start it all came back to her—all that had occurred. She raised her head. Captain Davy was sitting in the stern of the rescuing boat looking both triumphant and concerned.

"Guess your aunt will be pretty glad to have you back," he beamed. "And so will that senator they say you're engaged to."

"But I'm not engaged to him," she protested faintly. She appealed to Ashton. "Tell him," she commanded.

"Tell him"—

"That it isn't so and never will be."

"Katherine!"

"You say that as if you thought I was overwrought and speaking wildly. But I'm not. I never was surer of myself in my life than I am this minute. Oh, Bobbie, can't you see that in that hour alone out there I learned everything, the heights, the depths, the things that don't count and the things that do?"

And then as she saw the amazed delight in his eyes deepen to the rapture of certainty she held out both her hands to him. "For once a Millard has changed her mind," she whispered.

And Captain Davy, scanning the horizon with tactful scrutiny, heaved a sympathetic sigh.

"Looks as if we were in for a spell of fair weather ahead," he muttered. "Winds furled, clouds are liftin', and all's well!"

THE MINER and
Tri-Weekly Tribune
one year for
$1.75 IN ADVANCE.

The College Game.

Silas Whipperwill had not been in college over a month until he began using all the student slang in addition to university mannerisms. Then he wrote his father like this:

Dear Father—This college game is certainly expensive. I can't stay in it without more cash. It is hard to get good results without the necessary money. I am a stranger here, and my credit is no good. Your loving son SILAS.

By the next mail he received this:

Dear Silas—Quit the game. Your father never could play poker, so I don't see no use in your trying to win. Your loving FATHER.

Kodol will in a very short time enable the stomach to do the work it should do, and the work it should do is to digest all the food you eat. When the stomach can't do it Kodol does it for it and in the meantime the stomach is getting stronger and able to take up its regular natural work again. Kodol digests all you eat. It makes the stomach sweet and it is pleasant to take. It is sold here by L. K. Hogarth.

COOLNESS IN BATTLE.

Bismarck's Test of Von Moltke at Koniggratz.

Then he came to speak of the battle of Koniggratz and especially of that "anxious moment" in it before the arrival of the crown prince in the rear of the Austrians, when some Prussian attacks had failed and there were signs of disorder among the repulsed troops.

"It was an anxious moment," said Bismarck, "a moment on the decision of which the fate of the empire depended. I confess I felt not a little nervous. I looked at Moltke, who sat quietly on his horse and did not seem to be disturbed by what was going on around us. I thought I would test whether he was really as calm as he appeared. I rode up to him and asked him whether I might offer him a cigar, since I noticed he was not smoking. He replied that he would be glad if I had one to spare. I presented to him my open case, in which there were only two cigars, one a very good Havana and the other of rather poor quality. Moltke looked at them and even handled them with great attention in order to ascertain their relative value and then with slow deliberation chose the Havana. 'Very good,' he said composedly. This reassured me very much. I thought if Moltke can bestow so much time and attention upon the choice between two cigars things cannot be very bad. Indeed, a few minutes later we heard the crown prince's guns; we observed unsteady and confused movements on the Austrian positions, and the battle was won."—Carl Schurz in McClure's.

WON THE VERDICT.

The Jury Did Its Best to Make Good Uncle Sam's Word.

General Tom Edgar, the first white child born on Galveston island (his birthday was in June, 1837), once narrated his experience as a juror in the case of a negro on trial for stealing a mule. "It was in 1865, while United States soldiers were still in charge at Galveston. The negro pleaded 'not guilty,' but the testimony was pretty clear against him. His lawyer, knowing the testimony, based his defense upon the assertion that the negro could not possibly be guilty.

"'Is it not a fact,' he said, 'that the federal government promised to every freed man two mules and sixty acres of land? No man can deny it, because it is a fact. My client has not received his promised sixty acres of land. He has not received his promised span of mules. He has indeed got but one mule, as these witnesses have testified, and the United States still owes him another mule and sixty acres of land. I leave it to you, gentlemen,' he said, turning to the jury, 'if the facts do not show conclusively that my client is not guilty of stealing this mule and cannot under the circumstances have [illegible].'

"[illegible]," said General Edgar, "[illegible] so that we actually brought in a verdict of not guilty. I don't believe the darky ever did get the other mule and the sixty acres, but we did all we could to make Uncle Sam's word good."—Success Magazine.

The Chimney.

Where wood is much used as a fuel, according to Suburban Life, considerable soot collects in the chimneys, and it is a source of many fires. The chimney should be burned out once a year at least and the work done on a damp day, or it may be swept out. A chimney is burned out by placing a bundle of straw or similar material in the bottom of the flue and firing it. To sweep out a chimney a small metal ball about four inches in diameter is hung on a thin rope and pulled up and down in the chimney until it is clean. When not too high, the chimney can be cleaned by a brush on a jointed pole.

Birds That Play.

Some birds, like all children, like to play, and Australia and New Guinea produce the "bower bird," which builds regular playhouses. These houses are not a part of their nests, but are constructed usually in the shape of covered archways of little boughs two or three feet long, eighteen inches high and about as wide. They use these houses simply for their games, as if they were clubhouses. Generally these playhouses are decorated with bright colored shells and feathers, just as children decorate their playhouses.

Lucky Future Generations.

There is a saying of Carlyle that the greatest hope of our world lies in the certainty of heroes being born into it. That is indeed a glorious certainty, but the reference might be enlarged. Birth itself, we venture to say, not of heroes only, but of the generations in their succession, is the infinitely hopeful thing. It is the guarantee that the world will never grow old; that it will never stand still; that no halt is to be called in its eternal progress.—Christian World.

Sure Sign.

"Don't sell that man another drink," ordered the boss.

"He's all right," argued the barkeep. "He ain't full."

"No; but he's beginning to tell what a nice family he comes of."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Agreed.

He (at the end of fishing story)—My word, it was a monster. 'Pon my soul, I never saw such a fish in my life!

She—No; I don't believe you ever did.—Punch.

The Squeeze.

Wifey—I got into an awful jam at that bargain sale. Hubby—Indeed! Wifey—Yes; all the money I had was squeezed out of my purse.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

THE ROAD TO A MAN'S HEART.

By JENNIE LEE.

Copyrighted, 1906, by Associated Literary Press.

Elizabeth Hardcastle Yorke of Richmond, Va., has moved to the exclusive town of Middleville. She was a widow of twenty-seven and was a descendant of the first families of Virginia, and never for a minute did she let you forget the deep blue of her blood, the devotion of her late lamented husband nor the amount of money she once had.

Middleville turned up its nose figuratively when she settled in its midst, while the inhabitants did the same thing literally. Elizabeth's manner was too imperious for their northern independence; she laughed too much for a widow bowed in grief, and the fact that her old colored mammy called her "Miss Lizbeth" made them almost doubt whether a Mr. Yorke had ever existed.

The only thing which could be said in her favor was that she attended church regularly and contributed liberally to all the festivals. Such was the tolerant situation when the Rev. Dr. Botcher called to make his parochial visit.

"I'm so glad you came to see me," Elizabeth was saying. "I always did love ministers. They're so old fashioned and queer."

The Rev. Dr. Botcher had been twirling his cane as an inspiration to starting an agreeable bit of conversation. At this speech he stopped twirling it and grasped its handle somewhat firmly.

"Really, do you?" was the sum total of his answer.

"Supper is just this minute ready, doctor," continued Elizabeth. "Lay down that foolish old cane and come in and have some of mammy's blueberry cakes. They'll just make you wish you never had to go home."

The man made some weak comment about not expecting to stay, but he was swept into the cool dining room and was eating cake and sipping iced tea before he could remonstrate.

"I really came to see about those flowers planted along the line of your lawn," began the doctor.

"Aren't they just too lovely?" chimed in Elizabeth. "My husband used to say I had a most artistic eye for color."

"Yes, they are pretty; but, you see, they are planted on the lawn that belongs to Mrs. Murray over your line, you see"—

"Yes, I believe she has been saying something to that effect," said the charming widow. "But I thought it was awfully nice of me to fix up her place so prettily even if it was encroachments, don't you?"

"Well, I hadn't looked at it that way," agreed her divine company. "But really I must be going home, as we have prayer meeting tonight."

Mrs. Yorke bade her visitor good night and urged him to drop in again any time he was hungry for cakes. Elizabeth was smiling to herself with something of satisfaction when she heard footsteps on her porch. She went to the open door and met Mr. Murray, husband, and evidently the much lesser half of Mrs. Murray, her next door neighbor.

"How perfectly lovely of you to call, Mr. Murray!" exclaimed Elizabeth as she extended her hand to add to her cordial welcome.

"Er, yes, that is, I came over about that row of dahlias you planted over there on our"—

"Oh, that's all right," interrupted Elizabeth. "You're quite welcome to them. You see, I have so many, and I want my neighbors to enjoy some of them. But, dear me, do sit down and I'll call mammy to give us something to eat." And she disappeared, to return in a few minutes.

At her heels came the dear old mammy laden with a tray of raspberry shrub and a huge cocoanut cake that looked like a ball of snow.

Mr. Murray found himself seated before an old hickory table in an armchair, eating cake and drinking the shrub. "Finding himself" may seem an inadequate explanation of how he got there, but that is what he told Mrs. Murray on his return home.

Mrs. Murray was watching the couple from the corner of her own veranda, and when Mr. Murray returned smacking his lips and Mrs. Murray noticed a flake of cocoanut on his vest she called him to account for his fruitless call.

Saturday noon found Elizabeth digging among her flowers. Her sweet voice was humming "Way Down In Caroline," and as she flitted from one rosebush to another she looked almost like some white spirit among the gardens of earth. Her task was interrupted by mammy.

"Miss Lizbeth, de town mayor done call. Come right in, honey, and see what he want."

Elizabeth gathered up in her arms the roses she had been cutting for the house and walked around to the front of the cottage. The town mayor was good to look upon. The greatest compliment that Elizabeth could pay him was the silent comment she made to herself—that he did not look like the rest of Middleville.

"Is this Mrs. Yorke?" asked the man as she approached.

"It certainly is," acknowledged Elizabeth as she bowed before him. "And this is Mr.—Mayor—shall I call you?"

"My name is Waring," announced the mayor as he met the piercing gaze of the widow. "I came on a rather unpleasant errand. You see, I receive all the complaints of the townspeople, and Mrs. Murray, your neighbor, you know"—

"Isn't she a dear!" exclaimed Elizabeth. "Such a nice neighbor! But come along in to luncheon, for mammy's popovers will be spoiled if we stand here much longer."

Waring said he wasn't hungry.

"That's just the point," cried Elizabeth, with enthusiasm. "You will be if you come into the house the smell mammy's popovers, corn pudding and, best of all, ice cold mint juleps! Come right along and tell me your complaints at the table."

"But, Mrs. Yorke," interrupted Waring, "I couldn't think of imposing on a stranger in this way."

"Imposing!" echoed Elizabeth. "Lawdy me! If you knew how glad I am to have some one to eat with me!" She dropped into one chair at the table and motioned him to the other.

As a boy Waring had visited in the south and had never ceased talking about the corn pudding which even his mother could never make with any degree of success.

Mammy's corn pudding was the same kind as that which he had eaten in years gone by, and instead of the complaints of his townspeople the mayor told most interesting tales of his boyhood—how he had roamed from one state to another, how he loved the south and its people, how he had settled in Middleville and taken up politefaring to kill time and how the people had made him mayor.

Not until after luncheon, when the mayor and the widow were seated on the shady porch and Waring caught sight of Mrs. Murray leaning over the hedge of dahlias, did he remember why he was a guest of Mrs. Yorke. Believing in the eternal fitness of things, Waring realized that this was not the time to push his complaint, and he left after many hearty thanks and more complimentary speeches.

Sunday morning found the altar in the little church laden with dahlias—gorgeous red and white blossoms, hanging their heads in reverence to the text, taken from the twenty third chapter of the Proverbs and the third verse, "Be not desirous of his dainties, seeing they are deceitful meat."

Waring attended church as part of the duties of his office, and this Sunday he walked home with his hostess of yesterday. He wanted to leave her at the gate, but Elizabeth protested.

"Do come in as an act of charity. You see, I've not been well, and our old home doctor ordered me to some quiet country place to rest up. So mammy and I landed here. But, oh, I'm just nearly dead with lonesomeness, although I do feel the change has done me good. Come along and have a bit of our fried chicken, won't you?"

He came that day, and he came again.

The women of Middleville were still skeptical of Mrs. Yorke, but in mixed debates the men stood up for her, and some of the married men went so far as to say disagreeable things to their wives.

The mayor was seldom at his office, he was seldom found at home, and the day came when he must be seen at once. Mr. Murray knew where to find him and hurried down the street toward Mrs. Yorke's little cottage. Just at the gate he met the Rev. Dr. Botcher, about to make his second call on the new parishioner. Together they walked down the broad lane. They were not disappointed. The widow and the mayor were on the porch together.

"We were just talking about you," exclaimed Elizabeth as she greeted the minister.

"Just in time," called out Waring, and the newcomers noted the blush that overspread the already pink cheeks of Elizabeth.

Mr. Murray lost no time in telling Waring what he wanted.

"But you know I resigned my office last week. You see, I'm going on a long trip," announced Waring.

"Trip!" echoed Dr. Botcher. "Surely you're not starting on another one of those lonely globe trotting trips of yours, Jack?"

"This one won't be lonesome, 'cause I'm going to take a wife along to cheer me up. That's what we were talking about when you came along. How about a little wedding in the church, eh?"

They could not see the beaming face of Elizabeth, for her back was turned to them. She was busily engaged in spreading a white cloth over the hickory table in the corner of the porch, and mammy was making various trips back and forth to her own mysterious storehouse.

Origin of the Postal System.

The wonderful postal system which has reached out until it includes every country on the face of the earth had its beginning in the brain of an ingenious Frenchman.

In 1658, early in the reign of Louis XIV., M. de Velayer established a private penny post. Boxes were set up at the street corners for the reception of letters, and offices were opened in various quarters of Paris. Collections were made once a day from the street boxes, followed many hours later by a single delivery, and thus the first post-office in the world was established.

M. de Velayer was so greatly encouraged by the success of his enterprise that in order to develop it still further he printed certain forms of billets or notes which were intended to cover all the ordinary requirements of business in great towns. These forms contained blanks which were intended to be filled up by the pen with such special matter as might be necessary to complete the writer's object. The idea at once became popular, and the printed forms accompanied the expansion of the postal service throughout the larger cities of France, and it was many years before they fell into disuse.

The Miner and Tribune Farmer
$1.60 per year in advance. Subscribe now

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheatz.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Sinnemahoning.
State Senator—G. W. Williams, Wellsboro.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; R. P. Habgood, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—E. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Devlin, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. I. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—F. W. Strong.
Council—J. F. Rooney, president; W. G. Holder, secretary; J. W. Watts, E. W. Workley, G. H. Deming, F. L. Sherburne, E. E. Heath, H. H. Susse.
Justice—R. C. Gleason.
Constable—U. G. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, sec'y.; W. F. Specht, treas.; John B. Eastman, H. H. Redfield, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rubin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. in Masonic Hall, Main street.

SANDFORD L. FRY, W. M.
W. I. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

BURDETTE S. BAYLE, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 242, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

B. F. WHITNEY, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon. Mrs.

LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. E. A. BAKER, Pres't.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 45, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

P. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
JESSIE [illegible], Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows Hall.

MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA [illegible], Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 9:30 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m. and Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 8 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

THE
NEW YORK WORLD
THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and it is full of news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a-Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.

The Thrice-a-Week World's diligence as a publisher of first news has given it circulation where the English language is spoken—and you want it.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only $1.00 per year. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the MINER together one year for $1.65

The regular subscription price of the World is one dollar.

Photo Fancies
For Smart Young Ladies & Gentlemen
THE HIT OF THE SEASON.
Something more than a Photograph. We know they will interest you.
CALL and Ask About THEM
"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer
Smethport, Pa.

TO STICK UP SOME BULLETINS.

TIBERIUS SMITH

HIS JOURNALISTIC EXPERIMENT

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

By HUGH PENDEXTER.

"It's a long shout from Arcato to Vermont, the first state to free its slaves; but after Tiberius and I had scuttled up to 'Frisco with our jeans filled with dross, we only lasted six months. Tib was a wise wizard in the open and could coax the average hyena to eat from his palm. But a 'Frisco theater shark hypnotized us into backing an extravaganza, and in about the same month the sweet girlish grads are buying pink sashes and discovering Italy beyond the Alps we were on the waiting list of the 'Down-and-Out' club.

Then, to polish the climax, the manager bolted with the winter's receipts, ditto the leading skirt, and we were left high and dry with only gates to eat.

"'He's gone like an idle dream,' sighed Tib, meaning the manager. 'I hope all the box-office change is funny and that the squaw sues him successfully for breach of promise. There's but one thing left besides our honor, and that's to take a vacation. When you've got a half-Nelson on prosperity it doesn't pay to quit. But now that we must loaf, let's do it properly.'

"Naturally I fell on his neck and swore [illegible] him, providing he would square the railroads. And as he conned passes to Vermont, where he used to be born, he decided it would be cheaper and more instructive to go home. I call Vermont my home, you know, as I never had a home, and because Tib always swore I was a Green Mountain boy by adoption. Dear! dear! how loyal he was to that state! Always hankering to be there, and always threatening to quit being a busy bee to inaugurate an 'old home week.' No mountains were so green, you know, as the home mountains; no lakes were so clear as the home lakes; and no people were so kindly as the home people.

"Well, I'd been fed on that kind of dope so long that I expected lusty agrarians to crush each other under hoof in an effort to reach us when we stepped from the train, and embarrass us with gifts. It's not surprising that I should fail to appreciate that Tib had seen less of this state than any other in the union. Nor did I realize that up on the edge of Essex county was a small settlement, utterly isolated from all railroads and highways. But it does please me tonight, as I pause and allow the phantoms of those times and scenes to troop by, to remember that every village is now reveling in and pondering over a wealth of newly acquired information, all due to the careless coming of my master.

"Perhaps in all our journeys my benefactor never met with a more grotesque and fanciful environment than awaited us there. Possibly the opera bouffe effects had remained dormant largely because the community, known as Home Valley, was off the line of any travel and was a neighbor only to a few struggling French hamlets, where the poorer and more illiterate Canadians grub a living from the rocky clearings. But one fact was soon to be evidenced: those inland Crusoes had never possessed the incentive to pry into the world beyond the rim of the rugged Dozen Hills.

"Now any other man in visiting the stagnated hollow would have left it as he found it. You would have done so, and so would have I. But nature, I reckon, in mapping out the rotund form and indomitable spirit of my patron, evidently intended him for a missionary, and his slipping into the life of a showman was merely an abortion.

"But the remembrance of it all makes me smile tolerantly as I loll back and listen to the wise guys dwell upon the quiet spots they have found asleep. For this place is not down on the map and you'd never find it except by accident. The burglar and the tax collector, I say, are unknown, as it has shut itself off from the outside world for more than 40 years. Moreover, it's stood at a standstill during that period. Why, it wouldn't know a post office or a telephone if it met them in the street, while a lightning rod agent would be received with childish enthusiasm. I'll wager it doesn't know to this day whether it's in Canada or the United States. And it was there that Tiberius and I discovered what we called the stay-at-home germ.

"To revert to the southern boundary of the state for three seconds. When we detrained I could see Tib was disappointed because the citizens didn't meet us at the station and weep on his last clean shirt and have the school children there to wave flags and sing 'Welcome Home.'

"To be chemically correct, I couldn't see as he knew anyone in the state. Finally he confessed that his parents had moved from Bellows Falls when he was three years old, yet he remained positive that if we went north and tarried in the older centers of civilization, we'd find hosts of people who would quit their means of earning a livelihood to bask in the sunshine of his society. So we passed from one joint to another, discovering many Smiths, but no Mr. Smiths; until nothing would do but we must drill over the hills towards Canada, when the black lip grasshoppers hove in the offing on the horizon. I'd almost fail, for it was daily becoming harder to feed the army. But Tib kept a stock of [illegible] at the [illegible]. Ex[illegible] we hiked on until we came to a range of knobs that aren't down on the map. Tib thought it was the boundary, and insisted that we surmount the barrier and squint our orbs at the Lady of the Snows. It was a tough climb, but at sundown we reached the top, where we pitched a small shelter tent and camped for the night.

In the morning we beheld a small settlement of rudely constructed houses, sleeping in a [illegible].

"'[illegible] on the [illegible],' murmured Tib, 'and yet human beings dwell therein. We'll go down.'

"Utterly fagged out, we struck the

Threw Up His Hands.

burg late in the afternoon and found it to be a lost town, the habitat of the stay-at-home germ. I doubt if the United States can furnish similar conditions, ransack its borders as you will.

"The fact that French and half-breed farmers had settled down in several communities within a radius of twenty miles did not detract from these people's isolation, for they were of our blood and had never assimilated with their neighbors. The very air seemed ancient and somnolent, as we looked on the houses, built largely of logs, and observed that the inhabitants who came out to meet us were garbed in the styles of half a century back.

"'I should say we are two scampish Rip Van Winkles and that this is a dress-rehearsal,' observed Tib, as he gravely bowed to an ancient masterpiece whose face was covered with a luxuriant growth of breakfast food.

"The white-whiskered tease eyed us in surprise, and at last asked:

"'Not French? You must have wandered far from your course to get here.'

"Tib told him how we'd been fishing, and were strangers to the country; how we were tired of the world and would like to rest a bit.

"'If you stay you'll go back and tell what you've seen, and a crowd of curious folks will be tramping up here to look us over,' objected a younger man.

"'Silence, Reuben; let me talk to the strangers,' commanded grandpa, sternly, and the other slunk back abashed.

"I was surprised. The respect for gray hairs, I've noticed, is not as strong to-day as it was in the Rollo books.

"Then the old man drew Tib aside—I reckon he considered my striped shirt to be too frivolous—and conversed earnestly with him for some time. Tib then jolted his hat over his right ear, and I knew by that old familiar sign that he had agreed to do something unusual.

"'Let me hold discourse with my friend,' I heard him say. Then to me he whispered: 'If we can be mean enough to deal a few pictures from the bottom of the deck, we can make up what the manager appropriated, I believe. List! This town is bedridden. Hasn't seen any one but French and half-breeds since the tristful days of '61. They'll use us well if we'll agree to stay through the summer.'

"'But why stay?' I mumbled, utterly at loss to comprehend any advantage in so doing.

"'To earn a livelihood,' explained Tib. 'Yon antique migrated here when the civil war broke out. Did it to escape the draft. He and a bunch of companions with their women folks settled down in this well, believing they were in Canada. He's the only original forebear alive. They've never written a letter or received a letter or newspaper since coming here. Hence the newer generation is in plumb darkness as to the events of the last 42 years. You see, the first batch of settlers was so opposed to being discovered and drafted that they never left the valley.

"'They call the surrounding heights the Dozen Hills, as that's their number. The prenatal influence got to work, and all the children are permeated with the stay-at-home germ. Why, according to Old Time's testimony, they abhor the outside world and hope to live indefinitely without being intruded upon.'

"'But what's that to us?' I gasped, much perplexed as the situation.

"'Well,' murmured Tib, 'it seems curiosity still remains. The matter in 'em, I guess. The French and half breeds they don't know nothing of what's gone on, or is going on, in the states; and consequently they are hard up for news, about a half a century behind. When they came here one of their number brought a small hand press, and they obtained paper through the French in Canada. Then the original printer died long ago, and no one can run it, so they've had no news for 40 years. [illegible] that we, fresh from the outer world, [illegible] the want [illegible] boy, think of it!'

"'But a paper won't pay here,' I hinted.

"'Not pay?' Tib replied, pityingly. 'Why, [illegible] about $20,000 in gold with them; all trusted paper money, you know. It's all here. Hardly a dollar has rolled over the hills. They can't use it; it's no good to 'em. Their medium of exchange is grain and beans. They'll think we're a godsend if we'll resurrect the old press and toss off the news once a week. I'll hire you now as associate editor.'

"'But news?' I cried. 'Good Heavens! How can we get news?'

"'To think,' he apostrophized the horizon, 'that he should hold that card after flying with me all these years. Child'—and his voice took on the old histrionic ring—'we have 42 years of history to drag on. They don't even know the civil war is over. The old man is cloudy in his attic, and the present generation doesn't even know how long their people have been here. It is as if they had slumbered for half a century.

"'Their neighbors can't read or write, never heard of the great conflict, and so have told them nothing. It's true they've heard in a vague way of the Spanish American war, but they think it's a continuation of the civil war. The battle of Gettysburg occurred yesterday; the name is new to 'em. Jeff Davis is fleeing towards Texas, and Sheridan is only 20 miles away.'

"The sublimity of it all dazed me. 'Will they nibble?' I whispered.

"'Nibble!' he laughed. 'Why, they'll climb into the boat for the bait. This is a virgin field, a lost town. It will be like selling yesterday's extras in the moon. I can set type, or use to when a maiden, and you can brush up your history. I shall issue once a week. The last very firmly.

"And it's the blessed truth that those Alexander Selkirks had been cast away with dim memories of the civil war for nearly fifty years: the curtain had rung down for them when the north talked of drafting soldiers. The children and grandchildren had been taught to read from old hymnals and Webster's spelling-book. Their literature consisted of a few ragged volumes of the vintage of the first half of the nineteenth century. They feared the outside world. Every child had been marked with an abnormal dread of the menace that crouched beyond the narrow horizon. And yet they hungered for news!

"Well, Tib told old Deacon Durgin—that was the aged's name—that we were annexed, and would abide the summer in their midst and furnish real news. In private life Tiberius was a most exact and honorable man, but when it came to business he carefully locked up the Golden Rule and never allowed his vocal chords to vibrate harshly at the rough touch of truth.

"Finally we were shown to a house of logs in the center of the settlement where the old handpress and some rolls of paper were stored. The owner had left his property in fair condition, and the paper, some of it quite fresh, some yellow with age, would still take ink. We found a large quantity of the latter that Tib said he could use by doctoring it up.

"'I suppose they'll be willing for us to visit the outside once in a while,' I said to Tib, 'so that we can get the news.'

"'No,' he explained, 'we can't do that. They are willing to give us $50 a week apiece for one hundred copies of my paper, containing what we can remember of recent events. They reckon that before the useless $20,000 are eaten up they will have become satiated with new laid information. They reckon on our being filled to the brim with fresh recollections, and they only ask that we jolt out a few facts once a week. Now for issue number one of the Tiberian Weekly!'

"And what do you suppose Tib insisted I should feed out to them? The battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac. Yes, sir; and where my memory played me false I worked the daffy corner of my brain to the limit. Bless you, if you could have read Tib's editorial, comparing the merits of the two boats and wandering off into a dissertation of the mechanism of a 90-horsepower racing motor car, and then my descriptive article of the fight itself, you would feel proud of us. Talk about your red-hot lines from the shot-riddled battlefield! I gave it in rounds and wrote as if it were but yesterday. Why, it simply staggered 'em, sir.

"You—see—they'd lost all idea of time. From observing them I can now dimly appreciate the all-absorbing interest the civil war excited. Those people simply hung around from one day to another, waiting for the paper to leave the dinky, squeaking press. It was a mere leaflet, all reading matter. Old Deacon Durgin, with hickory staff clutched in his withered hand, loafed in our office from morning until night. Tib and I had to stand out in the middle of the grass-grown lane when we wished to cook up some warm, sassy ones.

"'What shall we give 'em next?' I inquired.

"'Capture of Fort Donelson,' suggested Tib.

"'That was before the naval engagement, I believe,' I objected.

"'We are [illegible] time,' reminded my leader. 'But if you are squeamish and desire to observe a strict sequence of events, give 'em the Peninsular campaign.'

"I didn't recall much about this campaign, but I fixed up some names with a list of 20 killed, and let it go. It took like hot cakes. They didn't mind parting over the gold; it was the least valuable of their possessions. If we'd asked for potatoes they would have [illegible] to lose, I reckon.

"One physical trait I noticed they all had in common. Where the bump of observation should be there were hollows. Yes, sir, their brows had a scooped-out effect and their foreheads were ingrowing. The men worked all day in the fields, and the women spun and knit. They had sheep and cows and plenty to eat in a rough-and-ready sort of a way. Their government was patriarchal, I reckon, as Deacon Durgin seemed to be the boss of 'em. We boarded with him.

"The head of each family was responsible for his children's education, and all could read and write. Although they looked down on their neighbors as an inferior race, their brains panned out far below the average. They had stagnated and intermarried so long that to deceive 'em was as easy as stealing things off a Christmas tree. Tib greatly relished creating sensations, and one week he sprung an extra in which incredible feats of valor were accorded to both armies. The north and south were clinched, hitting with one arm free.

"His description of the battlefield was the fiercest thing I ever saw outside a gilded ten-cent novel. He invented names of men and even states, and at the wind-up proclaimed in circus type that England was about to declare war against the north.

"'My boy,' he explained, with enthusiasm, 'what we want is a universal war. It pleases 'em to think everyone is fighting and that this is the only quiet spot on earth. Each battle redoubles their sense of security and isolation. It's our duty to make 'em happy. Besides, the more characters in the play, the more scope you have. Nothing hampers a man so as facts. Get above sordid facts and make history. Now, if I were you, I'd fling in an army of Chinese assailing Jersey City. That will dovetail in with my chapter. Make the Chinks and English allies.'

"As it was Tib's game, and as they seemed ready to swallow anything from an egg up to a family Bible, I dished up the next item in lurid style. I remember it was a 'Very Special War Extra,' and I figured out about 40,000 dead on the field of battle when sable night spread her dusky wings o'er the plain. That last phrase was Tib's, and he admitted he had read it in a novel, but he maintained it was the best line ever in the paper.

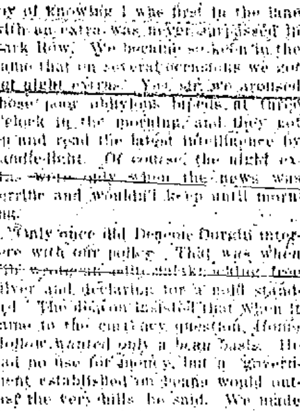
"It would have done your heart good could you have seen Tiberius bustling out in front of our log house, paste-pot in hand, to stick up some bulletins on a tree. He really believed, I reckon, he was running a big paper, and I got so I took my work seriously. When he would announce that we were to issue an extra, I would fight my watch as if I only had five minutes to catch the press, and Tib would stand over me bawling out: Copy! Copy! Look alive, Billy! You've only two minutes!'

"Then he'd turn to the clutter of women folks and declare: 'Mrs. Whitten, you must remove your offspring from the press-room. Children are out of place in a great newspaper office.' And it all seemed real, too. It didn't strike me as funny. I was sincerely provoked because the kids were swarming over the shop.

"I shall always remember the style of him when he'd dash out with his bulletins. Frowning heavily, eyes glittering with energy, he'd slap up a wireless to the effect that Gen. Longstreet was dead. Then he'd walk portly back to the editorial room, look over my shoulder and read in my description that Gen. Longstreet was beating a masterly retreat. Out he'd dash again and correct the first bulletin to read, 'Gen. Longstreet Is Not Dead.' And all the while he'd be humming some catchy lilt from a last season's chorus.

"Whenever we issued an extra we had the youngsters run about the Hollow shouting, 'Extry! Extry! North 'n' South in a death grapple! All about th' big battle. Seventeen hundred kilt!' And Tib would stand beaming in the doorway and murmur, 'Ah, but it's heartsome. If we only had some embalmed beef and a rip-snorting scandal! But it'll come. Patience, my boy, until we run out of embalmed history. Billy, see if we have another can of those preserved cavalry charges in the pantry. I guess we'd better feed 'em a little hoof-work next.'

"Say, after working under that man you'd never want to return to humdrum again. Why, I got so I was afraid some one would spring my fairy news items ahead of me, and the joy of knowing I was first in the lane with an extra was never surpassed in Park Row. We became so keen in the game that on several occasions we got out night extras. Yes, sir, we aroused those poor oblivious bipeds at three o'clock in the morning, and they got up and read the latest intelligence by candle-light. Of course, the night extras were only when the news was terrible and wouldn't keep until morning.



The White-Whiskered Tease.

"Only once did Deacon Durgin interfere with our policy. That was when Tib wrote an article [illegible] free silver and declaring for a gold standard. The deacon insisted that when it came to the currency question, Home Hollow wanted only a bean basis. He had no use for money, but a government established on beans would outlast the very hills he said. We made that the issue of the presidential campaign, and it hit 'em keenly, sir. An unlimited currency of beans was their slogan, and we supplied statistics to prove it was the only possible solution of the monetary problem.

"Shortly after that, Tib came to me and said:

"'That last edition touched 'em, and touched 'em deeply, sir. Now to thoroughly interest and [illegible], bring the danger nearer, and then, by dispelling it, we'll earn their everlasting thanks. Home Hollow must be threatened by an invasion.'

"Well, I got out a 'Very Special War Extra' at midnight, telling the fearful news. Hang me if it didn't brush 'em off their feet. The women wept and hid their children, while the men scuttled off to the thick woods whispering 'draft' to each other. I had made the army a combination of Chinks and Turks, with a sprinkling of horrible Indian allies. It was a tough proposition for a band of innocents to stub up against. But, do you know, that extra was the beginning of the end for us?

"So strangely does fear operate that the most arrant coward in the Hollow stole off to mount the granite wall to penetrate the valley beyond. No man in Home Hollow had ever done this before, but the spy was irresistibly drawn to know the worst. I saw him set off, and at once decided to fade through the bushes in silent pursuit. Tib was absent in some other part of the village, so my going was unknown to any one.

"Well, the man crept up the rugged, peaceful slope as if he were trying to sneak by a party of Indians on the war-path. I kept him in sight until he reached the top. Then I saw him throw up his hands and sink to the ground. It scared me, I'll admit it. I had been writing yellow stuff so long that I was quite hysterical. I guess it wouldn't have surprised me much if a gang of heathens had appeared on the summit with back hair down and scalping-knives up. At last I made a detour and crawled up to him. Hang me if he wasn't reading a portion of a newspaper that Tib had discarded from the sweat-band of his hat when we first sighted the burgh. As he read I could hear grunts of surprise and exclamations of anger. I recognized him as Reuben, the young man who had originally objected to our tarrying in the Hollow.

"'The bearers were veterans of the north and south. The men who'd fought under him and agin him bared their heads in mutual sorrer an' respect,' he slowly spelled out, and I realized he had hit upon a description of some military funeral. 'The strife an' anger of '61 was no more,' he continued. 'The last few survivors of the Blue an' the Gray hobbled slowly along an' were brothers.'

"Then it sunk into my brain that he had discovered our hoax and knew that the civil war had ended.

"With great stealth I made a bee-line for the settlement, where I found Tib explaining the general situation to his amazed whiskers, the Deacon. Clutching his arm, I tore him away, saying to the old man it was important war news. Once aside, I whispered in my editor's ear that the game was up, and that freedom beckoned down the line.

"Tib quickly secured our small stock of gold, and, stealing out among the bushes, we made for the mountain. Soon we heard a great crackling of underbrush ahead of us. Drawing aside, we had the pleasure of seeing the scout making for the village, waving the fragment of the newspaper and crying loudly as he went.

"'It's farewell to the Tiberian Weekly,' sighed Tib.

"'It's us to the misty highlands,' I added, and on we went.

"Back of us we could hear a great outcry, but as we neared the top of the rocks it died away. It was now nightfall, and Tib paused and pointed back, where the dusk was chasing itself about the lowlands, and groaned, 'Look! They burn their only monument to liberty. They squelch the freedom of the press!'

"A bright blaze told where the office of the Tiberian Weekly was being sacrificed on the altar of an outraged people.

"And so we left 'em. Tib always said he was going back to square himself, but he never did. And little we recked it would be a long, long time before we gazed on the Green Mountains again. So I do not know whether they yet live secluded and unknown in Home Hollow, or whether they have braved a fringe of the world. But I do know that somewhere up there on the top edge of Essex county is a community that waited nearly half a century for Tiberius Smith to inform 'em that the civil war is a closed incident.

WEST POINT'S GREAT CHAIN.

It Weighed 200 Tons, Was One Mile in Length and Cost $400,000.

From an ironmaker's point of view the greatest achievement during the revolutionary period was the making of the great West Point chain. This massive chain, which has probably never had an equal since the first hammer struck upon the first anvil, was stretched across the Hudson river at West Point to prevent the British fleet from making a second attack upon Kingston and Albany. It was nearly a mile in length and weighed almost 200 tons, many single links being as heavy as an ordinary-sized man. To complete it in six weeks 60 men hammered day and night at 17 forges and the cost of it was placed at $400,000.

"The great chain is buoyed up," wrote Dr. Thacher, "by very large logs, about 16 feet long, pointed at the ends to lessen their opposition to the force of the current. The logs are placed at short distances from each other, the chain carried over them and made fast to each by staples. There are also a number of anchors dropped at proper distances with cables made fast to the chain, to give it greater stability." No British ship passed this iron barrier. With its aid West Point became the strongest military post in America—so strong that treachery was tried where force of arms had failed.

When Benedict Arnold was plotting the surrender of West Point he wrote André and said: "I have ordered that a link be removed from the great chain and taken to the smith for repair." The chain, however, remained in place till the end of the war and links of it are still to be seen in the museums of Albany, West Point, Newburg and of New York city.

READY WITH HIS ANSWER.

Scientist Tells Why Wet Tea Leaves Kill Roaches.

Capt. Chandler, the army's chief aeronaut, said at a dinner in Washington the other day:

"The aeronaut, to get along, must keep his wits about him. Under the most adverse circumstances he must not lose his head. Always he must be alert and ready, like—like—well, like a scientist I used to know.

"This scientist gave a scientific lecture in a church one night, and at the lecture's end he said, beaming on his audience condescendingly:

"'Now if there is any scientific question that any of my friends would like to ask, I beg them not to hesitate. I shall be only too happy to answer any inquiry in my power.'

"An old lady in spectacles that gave her a severe, stern look, rose and said:

"'Why do wet tea leaves kill roaches?'

"The scientist didn't know they did, let alone the cause of the phenomenon; but, never at a loss, he replied:

"'Because, madam, when a roach comes across a wet tea leaf, he says: "Hello, here's a blanket," and wraps himself up in it, catches cold, and dies.'"

Subscribe for
The MINER
and get all
the News

For Sale.
Second-hand two-horse power Acme steam engine, connected for natural gas and in good running order. Reason for selling—we had to put in a larger engine. Engine can be seen at this office. For further particulars call on or address
HARRY L. BACKUS.
Miner office, Smethport, Pa.

DeWITT'S KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS FOR
BACKACHE
Weak Kidneys, Lame Back
and
Inflammation of the Bladder
A WEEK'S TREATMENT 25c

... The ... Coward

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

Copyrighted, 1907, by Associated Literary Press.

"I must give you back your freedom. I will not tell you why, because you would call my reasons absurd. In justice to you it must be so. Try to forgive me." So wrote Jack Brierson when he broke his engagement, and Miss Abernethy pressed her white lips together scornfully and sent back the betrothal ring by registered mail in a very practical manner.

Then because the long, enervating spring days had robbed her cheeks of their wonted bloom and the germs of a convenient "malaria" had dulled the brightness of her brown eyes Rose Abernethy's guardian aunt carried her bodily away into the bracing Adirondack region, where they lived the simple life of the woods and inhaled vigor and peace with the sweet air.

Gradually the cynical lines faded from Rose's face, and when the summer brought a greater influx of visitors to the large hotels she found herself back in that whirl of pleasure of which she had always necessarily been a part.

One afternoon she went to her favorite retreat on the brink of the Falling hill, where a huge bowlder under the pines afforded a comfortable seat.

Here she had come every day to witness the glorious pageantry of the sunset, and her joy in its recurring splendor was always tinged with dread of the sheer precipice that yawned at her feet.

Now she was reveling in the solitude of the spot when slow, hesitating steps broke the silence. She turned as a man came into view, parting the bushes with a familiar brown hand. It was Jack Brierson.

Apparently he did not see her, for he continued his faltering advance almost to the very edge of the hill. Then he stopped and looked away toward the west with level eyes and a face so stilled from all emotion that its very tenseness was eloquent of pain.

Rose Abernethy's face paled as she watched him curiously. It seemed very strange to be watching Jack at this remote distance with that empty feeling in her heart and brain. She didn't even love him. Some girls might have done so after being jilted, but somehow she didn't care. She leaned forward breathlessly as he suddenly raised the light stick which he carried and made another step toward the brink of the precipice.

"LET GO!" HE SAID HOARSELY. "YOU ARE RISKING YOUR LIFE!"

"Don't!" she cried involuntarily, and she stepped around the pine and held out a protesting hand.

Brierson turned sharply, and his blank gaze met her own—unrecognizing, indifferent.

"I thought I was alone," he said courteously, removing his hat.

"I—I thought you did not see that you were so near the edge of the precipice," she said in a low tone and with burning cheeks.

He felt about with his stick in a clumsy, unseeing manner and dislodged a stone, which went hurtling down the steep incline with an alarming crackle of twigs and earth. He stood in a listening attitude until the echoes had died away, and then he extended one hand with a helpless gesture.

"I am sorry to trouble you, madam, but—I am blind. Will you kindly turn me about into the safe path?"

Something warm came into the girl's heart as he spoke, and her lips quivered painfully. She laid a small hand on his coat sleeve. As she did so the turf crumbled under his feet and with a startled cry he sank away from her over the brink of the precipice.

Strengthening her grasp on his sleeve as his weight pulled her downward, she threw her strong young body on the ground and clutched with her free hand at the tough branches of a stunted cedar.

"Let go!" he said hoarsely. "You are risking your life!"

"I shall not let go," she replied decisively. "Except for your blindness you are a strong man?"

"Yes," he said impatiently, "but you must release me at once, madam! If I have been foolish enough to jeopardize my own life you must not sacrifice yours!"

"If you are strong you can pull yourself up by the aid of this cedar tree. I will bend it down—so—there! Now, draw yourself up, and I will help you on to firm ground."

Five minutes later he lay panting on the ground at her feet. "I am very grateful"— he began eagerly, when her crisp, cool voice stopped the words on his lips.

"I am more than repaid," she said, with cruel emphasis. "I never met a coward before!"

"A—coward!" he stammered, sitting up and turning his sightless eyes toward her.

"A coward!" she repeated firmly. "You see—I know—Rose Abernethy."

"Ah, you have the advantage of me, madam. Your flattering words indicate that you have some knowledge of my affairs."

His face was very red, and his black brows were drawn together in an angry frown.

"I know enough—to form an opinion," said Miss Abernethy coldly. "I will tell you why I believe you to be a coward if you wish."

He smiled grimly.

"You have been good enough to save a very worthless life. Go on."

"You are a coward because you are afraid to let Rose Abernethy know that you are blind. You denied her the right to share your affliction and to let her money make things easier for you. She would gladly have shared her paltry dollars with you."

"You don't understand, whoever you are," he said shortly. "I am a poor man. I had just reached a point where my fortunes depended upon the keenness of every faculty, and this blindness came upon me like a stroke of lightning. I could not ask Rose—beautiful, bright Rose—to play nurse and Lady Bountiful to a miserable blind beggar." He dropped his face in his hands and, forgetful of her presence, groaned bitterly.

"You have forgotten her. She had some rights. You could never have really loved her, Mr. Brierson."

He lifted a ghastly face.

"God knows I did, I do, I always shall, but I could not ask her to wait on indefinitely, and I know her unselfish nature, capable of any sacrifice. She would lose youth and everything that goes to make up her joy in life. I could not—I had not the courage to face her and tell her the truth. You are quite right. I am a coward."

There was a long silence after that, while the sun sank behind a distant range and long, cool shadows fell over the two sitting among the pine needles. The man sat with his hands clasped about his knees, while his countenance settled into that impassive calm with which he had first faced the sunset.

The girl watched him with pitying eyes and trembling lips. Twice she parted them to speak, and each time her voice died away in her pretty white throat.

"And the doctors said?" she asked at last.

"That the sight might return as suddenly as it went or a costly operation might effect a cure. Overstrain has paralyzed the optic nerves," he replied without moving.

Rose sprang to her feet, and for the first time that afternoon her voice rang out clear and sweet:

"It is growing late, Jack. Will you take me back to the camp?"

Brierson was beside her instantly with groping hands.

"Rose, Rose," he cried joyfully, "it is you! It has been you all the time?"

"Yes," she said, withdrawing from his touch with a confusion he could not perceive. "You must let me show you the way, and then"—

"And then?" he echoed breathlessly, "and then you will not leave me—you will forgive my mental blindness and my cowardice?"

"You do not need me," she ventured wistfully.

"Ah, dear heart, I did not know how much I needed you!" he cried remorsefully. "You will forgive my brutality and show me the way to happiness once more?" He turned appealing, sightless eyes and beseeching hands toward her.

She placed her hand in his. "Come, Jack," she said.

Laughing Gas For Poets.

Sir Humphry Davy was the first to inhale nitrous oxide. His experiment was the result of a report published by a brother chemist that laughing gas, called by him oxide of septon, was the cause and basis of all contagion. Cautious experiments made with the diluted gas produced no ill effects, and Davy proceeded to inhale considerable quantities of the pure gas. Contrary to his expectations, the effects were highly pleasurable. Thrills of pleasure pervaded his body, and his mind was filled with ideas and emotions of the most exalted kind, which, however, were very indistinct when the effect of the gas passed off. It occurred to Sir Humphry Davy that the gas might be useful in promoting poetic inspiration, and he accordingly tried writing verse while under its influence, but the recorded result hardly shows a close connection between the divine afflatus and nitrous oxide. Davy's experiments had the effect of making the inhalation of laughing gas for a time highly fashionable, so that in 1802 a French writer alludes to it as having become a national vice in England.

An Inference.

First Old Lady—Oh, I do so love parrots! Second O. L.—So do I; they're so intelligent. First O. L.—Yes. I was down the street the other day and saw one in a cage at a store door. I said, "Pretty Polly," and he cried, "Get away, you old fool!" Second O. L.—Well, what appropriate remarks they do make!—Lippincott's.

The Pearl of Great Price.

"Put disposition above beauty," is the advice of a modern sage to the young man who thinks of taking to himself a wife. But it requires such a long time to discover disposition.—Providence Journal.

Conflicting.

"There is safety in numbers," quoted the wise guy.

"And yet we are told that too many cooks spoil the broth," added the simple mug.—Philadelphia Record.

The brave man may fall, but he cannot yield.—Irish Proverb.

VOODOO DOCTORS.

Belief of Negroes In Their Ability to Work "Spells."

A well educated and clever negro in Philadelphia related, with obvious sincerity, an experience of his own with a famous voodoo "doctor" of that city who had grown rich from his wizardry.

"Once a person had a writ out against me," this negro said. "The constable had it. The magistrate was set against me. I went and got a charm from the 'doctor.' I met my enemy, but I was not seen. I met the constable, and he walked by and never noticed me. The magistrate did what he had never done before—forgot all about it. The voodoo stopped it all."

This same negro related another incident of his experience:

"Once I was nearly killed by a voodoo black cat, which used to come into the house. I threw a stick and hit it. It was a witch. It tormented me. I was ridden in dreams like a horse. I suffered terribly. I was dying. I went to the voodoo 'doctor.' I paid him $5 for a spell. That night I awoke. The window was open; the moon was shining. I saw the little black witch hovering up and down there. She was smaller than in her own body. She wore a very big, old fashioned bonnet. Her face was like that of the cat. But she did not come any closer to me. Then she faded away. That ended it."

The belief is prevalent among the negroes that witches have power to assume the forms of various animals. In South Carolina a means employed to guard against such visitations is to scatter rice or similar small grains thickly over the floor in the form of a cross. Before the witch can approach her victim she must devour every grain. This task is too tedious for her patience, and she takes herself off.—Marvin Dana in Metropolitan Magazine.

The Silver Rabbit.

There is a kind of rabbit which abounds in Lincolnshire, England, and is called the "silver rabbit." Its fur is of a delicate silvery gray. Although it is little prized in England, its skins are shipped in enormous numbers to different parts of Asia, especially Tartary and China, where the fur is considered the fittest thing for monarchs to wear. Only the richest can afford it there, so heavy is the price demanded.

Revenge.

"I," declared the popular author, "have signed an exclusive contract with one magazine."

"But now that you are famous," protested a friend, "other magazines will be writing for your work."

"And I shall decline their offers with thanks. I have even ordered some printed slips."—St. Louis Republic.

Whether [illegible] wins or not, they [illegible] hard to overtake on foot.—[illegible]

Needed a Big Dose.

The president of the Writers' club of New York in a recent argument on the plug said to his opponent sharply:

"Your reply is altogether beside the point and irrelevant. It reminds me of a woman's reply in a German court. This woman was accused of poisoning her husband. The prosecuting attorney said to her:

"'You have heard the evidence. The body contained enough arsenic to kill ten persons. What have you to say?'

"'My husband,' the woman answered, 'was a big eater.'"

Trouble Ahead.

Parke—Old man, we've known each other for years, and it does seem strange that our wives have never met. Don't you think it would be a good idea to bring this about?

Lane—Seems to me that's rather a hard way of doing it.

"Doing what?"

"Getting rid of each other."—Life.

Throw a Brick on It First.

Arctic Explorer's Wife—Goodby, John, dear. Arctic Explorer—Farewell, my love. Arctic Explorer's Wife—And, John, be sure that the ice is perfectly safe.—Judge.

Pinesalve Carbolized acts like a poultice. Quick relief for bites and sting of insects, chapped skin, cuts, burns and sores, tan and sunburn. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Do you know

that I am now prepared to furnish you with some of the finest and most modern

Photographs

ever made in this vicinity?

I am making all the popular styles from the largest sizes to the smallest, and a trial sitting will convince you that my work is strictly first class.

I will gladly give you a sitting at any time and if you are not perfectly satisfied with the proofs it costs you nothing.

Curt Witherow

East Main St.

Smethport, Pa.

MADE TO MEASURE

Our Tailoring Department has the New Cloths for Spring.

200 Choice Worsteds and Cassimeres—the advance Spring and Summer fabrics.

You leave your measure, select your cloth and the suit is delivered in ten days.

Every individual point you like best is put in. It's made as you prescribe by artists in the made-to-order trade.

Just like high-class tailoring all but the price—that's only a little more than ready-made.

"IKE" SIMONS

BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE

52-54 Main Street,

BRADFORD, PA.

H. C. BEMIS

Fine Interior Trim and Stair Work

Planing Mill & Retail Lumber

Estimates furnished from plans and specifications

Inquiries and inspection solicited.

Both Phones

Hilton St. Bradford, Penna.

DR. E. R. BAKER,

DENTIST

OFFICE HOURS:

8:30 a. m. to 12 m.

1:30 p. m. to 5:30 p. m.

OPEN EVENINGS

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

Sheridan Gorton,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

F. D. Gallup,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

E. L. [illegible]
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.
Office adjoining Residence, Main Street,
Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly.

V. B. BOUTON
ATTY-AT-LAW
Grange Bank Bldg. SMETHPORT, PA.
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. R. Mayo & Son,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, Penn'a.
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell 'Phone.

H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

G. E. Benninghoff,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, at Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

J. L. Brown,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m. Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

DR. F. C. PIERCE
DENTIST
All up-to-date dental work promptly done. Crown and bridge work a specialty. Cleanliness and satisfaction guaranteed.
[illegible] Office Main St. Over 25 Years' Experience.

C. M. COLEGROVE
COUNTY SURVEYOR
SMETHPORT PENNA
Office at residence 306 W. King St.

HOTELS.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.
F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.
This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies; and its bar well stocked.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

EDGAR W. STRONG

I carry in stock a complete line of 4 inch TILE, Ys, Ts, Curves, Ls, Traps, etc.

These Tile are good quality at right prices.

Give me a call.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. SMETHPOR

WHY IS IT?

That each month in all the best homes in this country, on the library table, and in every club reading room, you find the

METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

It is because it keeps you in touch with those great public and human movements on which the American family depends.

It is because its stories are the best published anywhere.

It is because its illustrations in color, and black and white, set the standard.

It is because its articles are the most vital and interesting.

It is because there is something in each copy for every member of every American family.

A YEAR'S FEAST

1800 Beautiful Illustrations. 1560 Pages of Reading Matter
85 Complete Stories. 75 Good Poems.
50 Timely and Important Articles.
1000 Paragraphs presenting the big news of the "World at Large."
120 Humorous Contributions:
Wonderful Color Work, presented in frontispieces, inserts and covers.

All Yours for One Year's Subscription to

THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

Price $1.50 per Year or 15 Cents a Copy

The Publisher of the McKEAN COUNTY MINER has make a special arrangement with THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE by which they are enabled to offer the following extraordinary bargain:

The cost of one year's subscription to THE METROPOLITAN is $1.50. The cost of one year's subscription to the MINER is $1.25. We offer both for $1.65.

Address all communications to

McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport, Pa.

BEES LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP

CONFORMS TO NATIONAL PURE FOOD AND DRUGS LAW.

An improvement over many Cough, Lung and Bronchial Remedies, because it rids the system of a cold by acting as a cathartic on the bowels. No opiates. Guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Prepared by PINEULE MEDICINE CO., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

FOR YOUNG OR OLD
THE BEST PILL SOLD
Rings
Little Liver Pills